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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

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GREAT IDEAS

[On 18th November 1575 Jacob Boehme was born. A shepherd boy, he learnt to read and write in a village school and became an apprentice to a poor shoemaker at Goerlitz. He was a natural clairvoyant of most wonderful powers and wrote valuable treatises. Though his phraseology is Christian, his ideas are wholly Oriental. Appropriately we print in this issue from his *Theoscophia* or the *Highly Precious Gate of the Divine Intuition* the following short extract, of practical value to all aspirants to soul wisdom.—ED.]

Consider a parable of the sun. If a herb hath not sap, the sun's rays scorch it; but if it hath sap, the sun's rays warm it, whereby it grows. So also in the life of essence in man. Hath that life not ens from God's gentleness and love, *viz.*, from the eternal One, then it impresseth itself into a fierce, fiery sharpness, so that the mind becomes wholly rough, hungry, covetous, envious and stinging. And such false sense and will proceeds then from the life into the body, and into all its ways and works.

Such a fiery, covetous, envious nature with the life's sharp sense scatters and destroys all that is good. There is danger in all it has to do with. For it carries its poisonous rays thereinto, and will draw all to itself, and bring its poison thereinto, *viz.*, hungry covetousness. But if it be that the fiery life can eat of divine love, then it is a similitude how a light presses forth from fire: Thus the right life presses forth from the fiery nature with a new spirit and will of divine love from within; and is no longer taking, as the fire's nature is, but giving. For the will of love gives itself, as light from fire, which gives itself to all things, and produces in all something that is good.

The soul is a *limus* of the inward spiritual world from the *Mysterium magnum*, *viz.*, from the issue and counterstroke of the divine knowledge, which must receive its nourishment from the *Mysterium magnum* of the divine power and knowledge. Now if it cannot have the ens of divine love for its food, so that it breaks itself off from the unground, as from resignation or renunciation, then it becomes sharp, fiery, dark, rough, stinging, envious, hostile, rebellious, and an entire restlessness itself.

PARACELSUS—PHYSICIAN AND PHILOSOPHER

[**Mr. Basilio de Telepnef's** *Paracelsus: A Genius Amidst a Troubled World* was reviewed in our pages in September 1946. His group at Einsiedeln is rendering a valuable service in studying and bringing out the teachings of the greatest Occultist of the middle ages, about whom he writes here, mentioning many points of great interest which are little known. We venture, however, to predict that further research will make necessary the revision of his version of the cause of Paracelsus' death, as also of his implication that Paracelsus practised vivisection, even though with anæsthetics. Both accord ill with what is known of the wisdom, the powers and the compassion of the great physician.—ED.]

Theophrastus von Hohenheim, later known as Paracelsus, was born on November 14th (O. S.) 1493 in Einsiedeln, Switzerland, not far from the famous Benedictine abbey. His father, a doctor, was a descendant of an old noble family whose ancestral home was in Hohenheim, near Stuttgart. His grandfather, Jörg von Hohenheim, held a high office in the Order of the Knights of St. John, and became known for his adventurous journey to the Holy Land in 1468. Paracelsus' father was a natural son, since marriage was not permitted to a high dignitary in the Order. His Swiss mother, a humble native of Einsiedeln, died before Paracelsus was ten years old.

Shortly after her death, father and son went to live in the small Austrian town of Villach, where Paracelsus' father remained until his death as a practising physician and as teacher of "alchemy" at the town's mining school. It was here in Villach that Paracelsus, under the tutorship of his father, first learnt to know the healing properties of the plant kingdom and received his first grounding in the mysteries of alchemical processes. At the same time he was introduced to the current medical teachings and got a practical working knowledge of chemistry in the mining workshops of the Tyrol (especially in those of Sigmund Fuger in the town of Schwaz). After that he studied official medicine at various universities in West and South Germany and in 1509 he received the lowest academic degree (equivalent to Bachelor of Arts) at the University of Vienna. In 1513, when he was twenty years old, he went to Italy by way of the Brenner Pass to study at the well-known University of Ferrara which, two years later, conferred his medical degree upon him.

Then began a ten-year perambulation through the countries of the then known world, which took him

to Lisbon and to Santiago de Compostela in North-west Spain, to Moscow in the east, to Scandinavia in the north, and to Sicily, Egypt and Jerusalem in the south. In 1524, when thirty years old, he went to Salzburg, but his wish to settle down there as a doctor was not granted. After a few months he had to flee during the night. A revolt had broken out among the downtrodden peasants, for whom Paracelsus, it seems, had shown open sympathy. As he was not the man to go back on his word or to change his opinion to save himself, he had therefore to flee when the religious and civic authorities of the town set about crushing the revolt.

He then tried to settle down in Strassburg but, almost immediately after his arrival, he was called to Bâle to the bedside of the renowned humanist and publisher, Frobenius, who was suffering from the effects of a stroke. He succeeded in curing him after the leading doctors of the town and university had failed and, after a short treatment, Frobenius was able to leave his bed and go about his usual tasks. As a result of this success, Paracelsus was appointed town doctor by the city council and permitted to lecture at the university.

Having thus gained the confidence of many of the leading men in the town—among whom were the great Erasmus of Rotterdam, Amerbach and others—Paracelsus attempted a basic reform in the teaching and practice of medicine, both in the town and in the university of Bâle. But, as can be imagined, he soon attracted the opposition of the doctors, chemists and leading men of the city council. As before in Salzburg, he was not willing to compromise and, as unfortunately his friend and protector Frobenius died from a second stroke at this time and his other friends were not in a position to give him the necessary support, he was obliged to flee again.

So began another long period—fifteen years—of restless wandering. Finally, in the autumn of 1541, he was called again to Salzburg, where he died on September 24th, 1541, when not yet forty-eight years old, as the result of daring experiments with quicksilver and arsenic preparations.

Paracelsus' influence came at the time of the Reformation. In all branches of knowledge there was a longing for change, for the new; but in scientific matters such a yearning as yet led only to certain hazy notions. No one fought so passionately for a reformation in the whole body of medical learning as did Paracelsus, and no one can deny the tremendous work he achieved in this domain.

He overthrew the 2,000-year-old medical doctrine of humoralism and put in its place an entirely new natural science, the result of his practical medical and alchemical experience and of the nature philosophy which he cherished. In the place of the primitive and rather abstract conceptions of nature, he

erected a system which opened the way to the modern scientific method which studies the specific structure and meaning of every object. Even more than this, he laid the foundation for the understanding of every specific illness and he was the first doctor-scientist to have investigated systematically the possible healing properties of the mineral kingdom and to use minerals successfully in his treatments. His brilliant vision and deep understanding of alchemical processes enabled him to achieve this pioneering work with success, the value and truth of his findings being proved by the fact that he was the first to have used remedies such as quicksilver, antimony, gold, silver and zinc, remedies which today are in universal use.

He was also a pioneer in the fight to establish hygiene and scientific exactness in the preparation and dosage of remedies. This endeavour naturally brought him into strong opposition with the chemists who then, and for a long time to come, were anything but useful to the sick, for whose well-being they had little concern. Rather, in order to increase their material profit, doctors and chemists preferred to concoct elaborate mixtures containing as many different and expensive ingredients as possible, and without any regard to their possible efficacy in healing. As Paracelsus never succeeded in winning the co-operation of the chemists, he finally decided to prepare all his remedies himself.

He also undertook intensive research in the attempt to find healing material in the animal kingdom, and in this sense is a forerunner of modern organo-therapy. He made drugs out of certain animal tissues which he used especially in the treatment of wounds.

During his extensive travels he gathered a wealth of practical experience and knowledge of the devastating epidemics of the time. He has written in great detail in his books on the cause and treatment of the terrible plagues which ravaged Europe during his lifetime. His writings show an amazing knowledge of them and can only be compared to the modern knowledge on the subject.

Especially interesting are his findings on the terrible disease, syphilis, which suddenly made its appearance at the close of the fifteenth century and which was then known as the "new" illness. Orthodox medicine used a certain guayac wood imported from America for the treatment of syphilis and the chief stocks in Europe belonged to an Augsburg commercial firm of the name of Fugger. Fugger spent enormous sums on making propaganda for this wood, because he saw a means of making his personal fortune out of its use. He even succeeded in bribing and corrupting the leading medical professors who, under his instigation, forbade the publication of Paracelsus' writings on syphilis which tended to show that guayac was absolutely worthless as a treatment. Today, no doctor thinks of

using guayac wood for the treatment of syphilis, whereas the heavy metal combinations advocated and used by Paracelsus, are still the most effective aids in the treatment of this disease.

Paracelsus was also a pioneer in the surgical field and was the first to realize that the infection of wounds came from dirt introduced from outside and was not, as was supposed up to the nineteenth century, the result of some process within the wound itself. One can therefore consider him as the precursor of the famous Semmelweis. He also knew the anæsthetic property of ether, although he used it only in his experiments on animals.

In addition to these medical achievements, which have been only lightly touched upon, Paracelsus also took an active part in the religious battles of his time. His writings on spiritual matters constitute approximately half of his entire output, though it must be said that, in spite of the great significance his ideas have, in terms of the spiritual outlook of his day, this significance has not yet been appreciated at its true value. His was a faith proved in his actual experience.

A great part of his writings dealing with magic has only recently been studied systematically in Switzerland. During his travels, Paracelsus was able to acquire a deep knowledge of occult practices and his writings reveal how true an initiate he was in the spiritual mysteries. He understood fully the correspondences between the spiritual powers and their physical expressions in nature and his exposition of these correspondences will be a revelation to the serious student, when the reality of the world of spiritual force has been understood by our present materialistic age.

His interest and studies in occultism stimulated him to push his researches beyond the limits of the rational mind and thus to come in contact with superphysical powers. Therefore it is not strange to find him emphasizing the magical effects of hidden spiritual powers in his writings on nature philosophy—a philosophy so closely akin to Neoplatonism. In his work on philosophical wisdom (*Philosophia Sagax*) one finds a blend of old European customs, neoplatonic ideas on the spiritualization of matter and a deep knowledge of alchemy, which last enabled him to link up intuitively his intellectual grasp of life with the wisdom of his "spiritual" soul and thus to establish a coherent picture of the workings of the universe. He thus established a synthesis of ideas and ideals which one can find expressed in the teachings of the fifteenth-century Platonists such as Ficino, Pico and Cardinal von Cues and also in those of ancient Chinese and Indian origin.

Convinced as he was of the reality of superphysical powers and their action, this great doctor never tired of delving ever deeper into magical processes. But he also fought continuously against the superficial and

materialistic understanding of alchemy, religion, astrology and medicine and condemned the use to which they were put in his day. Many people today believe that he was a critic and enemy of astrology and quote certain of his sayings to this effect. But once one realizes that the central idea of his nature philosophy is the well-known Hermetic doctrine of Macrocosm and Microcosm: as above, so below; that heaven and earth are in man himself and therefore there are no limits possible to his eventual understanding, it is evident that he was himself an astrologer in the true sense of the word, for this same principle is the key-doctrine of astrology.

Hohenheim explained this correspondence not in literal terms but according to the powers and forces of life which are active in all forms, whether cosmic, human or terrestrial. Thus, where astrology is concerned, he explained that one should not consider the material bodies of the planets floating in space, but the powers or life-principles they represent, both in the heavens and in man. His teaching is essentially in the spirit of the ancient Greek nature philosophy which stressed the quality of the life or the "soul" with which all matter was endowed.

Like all great men who live before their time and who therefore are not understood or appreciated by their contemporaries, Paracelsus has been judged and is still judged by the fact that he had no great influence on people's thought during his lifetime. Apart from the short period when he taught officially in Bâle University, he never had any official position in any university of his day. Only a fraction of his writings was printed during his lifetime and his circle of students was small. The reason for this can be found in his unsettled life and in the fact that circumstances forced him to move, often unexpectedly, from place to place and that most of his pupils were not willing to follow him in his wanderings. One can only admire the tenacity of his endeavours and the courage with which he bore his misfortunes, when one realizes the continual frustration he experienced in his desire to undertake public reforms and to teach his ideas openly and officially.

His life and his work followed an identical pattern. No goal was too remote for him, no obstacle too great. He wanted to be a whole person and to act out the fulness of his being in all he undertook. This led him to great heights, for he had the confidence of kings and of many leading minds of his time, but at the same time his uncompromising spirit made him follow a path which led him to the depths of suffering.

The best proof that interest in the life-work of this great man grew several decades after his death, is found in the publishing of the first editions of his works in Bâle by Huser towards the end of the sixteenth century. But notwithstanding his many admirers, Paracelsus' character has been grossly misunder-

stood throughout the centuries and it is only in our century that research into his work has been undertaken in a serious and systematic manner. But we should not forget the warm reverence in which Hohenheim was held by the German Romanticists, among whom one should mention Görres and the young Goethe. The latter studied Paracelsus' writings eagerly and his *Faust* bears unmistakable marks of the great doctor's influence.

The modern Paracelsus research work is based on Karl Sudhoff and his successor, Prof. Walter von Brunn. Since the end of the war just finished, the German investigations into the work of Paracelsus have practically come to an end. Today it falls to the Swiss Paracelsus Society to save the immense wealth of ideas expressed by this great man of the European Renaissance from oblivion, and to dig ever deeper into the meaning of his legacy. The *Nova Acta Paracelsica* is a periodical issued yearly by the Society. A Swiss edition of Paracelsus' works, edited by J. Strebel, has appeared since 1943 in St. Gall. However, the edition of Sudhoff, printed in Münich between 1922 and 1933, remains the standard edition, although it contains only the medical and nature-philosophy writings of Hohenheim. His "spiritual" (or theological), writings still remain to be completely printed.

Paracelsus died at the age of forty-seven on September 24th, 1541, in Salzburg. He left all his money and possessions to the poor of the town of Salzach. Among his meagre effects were found a circle and a compass, fitting symbols of the restless wanderer.

BASILIO DE TELEPNEF

FRANCE AND INDIA

Sri Aurobindo's statement to M. Maurice Schumann, leader of the French Government's Mission, on September 27th at the Pondicherry Ashram, that "France was, next to India, the country for which he had the greatest affection and regard" is quite understandable in the light of that country's eminence in arts and letters and its traditional interest in Indian culture. The record of French Orientalists includes distinguished names, from that of Anquetil Duperron (1731-1805), earliest among the modern Western delvers into Oriental wisdom, down to such great sympathisers with Indian culture as the late Sylvain Lévi and Romain Rolland.

It would be in the fitness of things if France should take the step suggested by Sri Aurobindo in this his first interview in many years, reported in *The Hindu* of 30th September, *i.e.*, the creation at Pondicherry of a university with facilities and opportunities for students of different countries desirous of studying the Aryan and Dravidian civilisations.

ECONOMICS AND POLITICS

[In our October number two articles on the non-violent technique of revolution were published under the title "Revolution—East and West." In this short essay, **Professor Nirmal Kumar Bose** of the Calcutta University, a lifelong student of Gandhiji's writings, carries forward the discussion. He pleads for a non-violent revolution in the basis of production if war is to be eliminated from our present-day politico-economic civilisation. Towards this end, he suggests that all those who believe in non-violence should perform "a double duty—to adapt the method of Satyagraha to every kind of human dispute and to reorganise production during the so-called years of peace so that the individual once more finds himself in possession of his real worth."—ED.]

After each of the major wars which we have experienced in our generation, it has been discovered that, although some of the old social problems have been settled, new ones have taken their place, and these have again refused to yield to the methods of peace. Fresh wars will become necessary for their settlement. The methods of peace which have also been practised have usually been of a lame and half-hearted nature. Where several nations have agreed to surrender disputes to an international court of justice, *i.e.*, where they have agreed to use some more decent means than war, the court of justice has been found adequate in the matter of small and geographically limited disputes, but inadequate when really larger national interests have been involved. The solution suggested so far has been that the International Court of Justice should be supported by a super-army in order to enforce its decisions. In other words, it is the fear of this world-wide army consisting of contingents from the major nations of the world which will supply authority to the Court of Justice, apparently peaceful method of settling disputes.

It is this basic fact which we must recognize. Although weary of war, the world still hopes to defeat force by superior force. Whether, in the process, it sets up a court of justice does not affect the vital fact. The belief is still in conversion of the human mind through punishment, *i.e.*, through fear; the belief is still in centralization of authority as against decentralization.

It is just here that Gandhiji steps in with his independent and very original solution. His method calls for suffering in one's own person while opposing an opponent for the sake of converting him, as against the method of imposing suffering upon the latter through punishment. Whether such a method can be practically worked out on a large social scale or not, is another matter. But the suggestion is there; the experiment has been made in India, in however imperfect a state it

may be; and it is for us all to try it on as wide a scale as our organizational ability will permit. If it proves a failure after an honest trial, we may justifiably slide back to the current method of suppressing war by war. We may admit with a sigh that unhappily the world is as yet too savage to admit of such a civilized social process.

Like John Dewey, Gandhiji believes that the entire range of human life must be recast in accordance with non-violence; that method will prove a failure if it is applied in a restricted way to one particular field. Thus, supposing our system of production remains highly centralized, its organization being such that the individual feels he is nothing more than a very small cog in a large wheel which turns by its own law irrespective of what he may desire or hope; then this septic focus will diffuse its poison elsewhere and we shall also have to retain war as the last resort in bringing about major social change. In other words, the success of centralization in one sphere will call for it in other spheres as well. As we sow, so we shall reap. The law of Karma binds all human beings.

In order to rescue the individual from this state, Gandhiji plans production on the basis of decentralization. According to this plan, the small units in which the individual can function best should be the basis of production. Production of the basic minimum necessaries of life, of food and clothing enough to hold together human life, must always remain in the control of the "Village." But this will not mean atomization or a necessary lowering of the standard of life. For the purpose of raising the standard of life, social units may co-operate but on terms of equality of power. This voluntary co-operation will bring the fruits of high-grade organization to all units when they feel they can have it without loss of liberty. The fact that no unit can be forced to surrender because they all retain means of producing enough to maintain life: this basic strength will neutralize the evil which comes from suppression by and surrender to Centralization.

If this point is appreciated, then we can realize how intimately Gandhiji's Satyagraha is tied up with his Constructive Programme of which the Spinning-Wheel forms the centre round which everything else revolves. The productive system must be decentralized, and all necessary centralization must be on a voluntary basis before society can replace the method of war by that of Satyagraha.

It is this fact above everything else to which I desire to draw the attention of the reader. However weary of war we may be today, we cannot replace it unless the basis of production is also revolutionized. That replacement, however, cannot be a sudden process. It requires intelligent effort, both for productive reorganization and for education. Those who believe in non-violence

have two duties to perform. The first is to adapt the method of Satyagraha to every kind of human dispute, and the other is, during the so-called years of peace when human groups prepare for the next war, to reorganize production so that the Individual once more finds himself in possession of his real worth.

It is only in this way that we can build for real Democracy, in the field of economics as much as in the field of politics. One cannot be reared except on the foundation of the other.

NIRMAL KUMAR BOSE

A WORD TO THE EDUCATIONIST

The academic administrators of America remind one of the French revolutionist who said "The mob is in the street. I must find out where they are going, for I am their leader."

What President Robert M. Hutchins said in his trenchant lecture on "The Administrator" in his University of Chicago's series on "The Works of the Mind," later published in the *Journal of Higher Education*, applies no less to education and educational administrators in India and other countries.

The leading characteristic of educational institutions, he charged, was aimlessness. Administrative officers got caught up in means. There was little published evidence, he said, of any important thinking about the end of one's administrative activities since Marcus Aurelius. And yet philosophical wisdom was the qualification for the administrator's highest function—"discovering and clarifying and holding before his institution the vision of the end."

If, faced by the greatest peril in our history, we must abolish war or perish, and if war can be abolished only by "the transformation of the minds and hearts of men" which alone can bring about the community on which world unification must rest, it is obvious that education which does not aim at that transformation is, as he claims, "completely irrelevant."

To say of a university now that its object is to maintain itself or to preserve accepted values and institutions is to deny the responsibility imposed by the community on those privileged persons whom it has set apart to think in its behalf, to criticise its ways, and to raise it to the highest possible moral and intellectual level.

Lord Acton, Mr. Hutchins remarked, apropos of administrative responsibilities, had "familiarised us with the notion that power corrupts. He might have added a word or two on the corruption wrought by the failure to exercise authority when it is your duty to exercise it."

PERSPECTIVE

A MESSAGE FOR THE OLD AND FOR THE YOUNG

[**S. L. Bensusan** must have enjoyed his seventy-fifth birthday last September. Here is a short article full of precious reflections from one who has enjoyed a useful life as Special Correspondent in Morocco, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Germany and Canada. Also as a musical critic and as an adviser to the Publications Branch of the Ministry of Agriculture, he has rendered useful service and he has to his credit the authorship of numerous volumes. To prepare for old age while we are still young, to enjoy old age even when that preparation has not been made—this is the double message of the article and so it should claim the attention of everyman.—ED.]

With the advance of years, eyes grow dim and the help of oculist and optician is needed to strengthen and correct. Now though we often hear people talk of the mind's eye there is no evidence to show that this can be treated when it is no longer effective; it is unlikely that any Ophthalmic Hospital has any department for dealing with a trouble that is wide-spread. What we need is mental spectacles for failure of mental vision. There must be thousands who would welcome an adjustment that would make for the deep content required to make old age acceptable to those who have yet to reach it.

The eyes of the elderly magnify grievances just because a sense of perspective is lost. It is not easy for them to remember that they matter only to themselves and that whatever welcome they may have enjoyed has been outstayed. Self-suppression should be the key-note of spent lives; if food and shelter, books and leisure have been granted and if there are just one or two survivors of earlier friendship left to light the road that else were dark, there can be no valid grounds for complaint. Be our gifts great or small, worth-while or insignificant, Time has carried them away; the old man is in most cases just *nominis umbra;* it is indeed unfortunate if he is the only person to be unaware of the truth. To sacrifice the dignity and tranquillity that belong of right to the latter days in order to advance claims that have lost foundation and can't be met, is to scale the height of foolishness; the descent may be rapid and bitter; indeed on reaching ground level you may find that your self-respect has been lost *en route.*

Among the many privileges that have been granted to me, I rank the friendship of certain veteran men and women whose native charm prolonged the autumn and left no room for winter. The picture they painted in the latter days remains. On the other hand, there have been a few who have met old age in

petulant mood, challenging the right of Time to impose any penalties on the price of his gift, looking on life as something in their debt, querulous and moody in turn, with no thanks for benefits received. Yet it is clear that gratitude should be the ever-mastering emotion of those who can meet the latter years free from crippling pain and with a mind that is reasonably clear. They have seen a great part of what life stands for; they have known the four seasons and experienced a part at least of the pleasures of each; finally they have reached the boundary none may cross. If when they look out on what is left of life they are ill-content the fault is one of vision; they can't see clearly, mental myopia is their trouble; the mind's eye is failing, there is no cure to be won from the medical profession.

Only philosophy can help and, to make matters harder for the afflicted, the heart of that philosophy comes from the East and must be looked for in the earlier faiths, Hinduism, Buddhism and Confucianism, a deplorable truth that must needs place all who preach it outside the pale. At the same time students understand how the faith of the West derives from the East and how great is the debt of Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism to Mother India. The one belief that the West does not owe to the East is that Business is Business, but age will derive scant pleasure from consideration of this monumental and overmastering tenet. On the other hand, the teachings of Krishna and the Buddha will certainly help perspective and bring peace of mind to those who seek it diligently.

It may be that the cause of loss of this perspective is merely the overlapping of the present into the future. We have no part to play in the years before us and will not accept the position without protest. In the East, when a studious man has reached a certain age he retires in the full sense of the term; he will betake himself to some retreat to which the noise of the traffic of the world cannot penetrate and he will devote himself to contemplation, concentration and meditation, his wants reduced to a minimum. He surveys the pageant of life and endeavours to grasp its significance, but life itself asserts no further claims. He goes out to meet the inevitable and makes no attempt to postpone or avoid it. I have seen this attitude of mind at work in the West but it is rare. It is at least better than that of a great business man who on hearing the verdict of the heart specialist he had consulted cried "Damn it, man, it can't be true; I've only just retired."

"It has been told thee, O Man, what is good; to deal justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly." The words of the Prophet endure but all too many who can follow the first two precepts, fail to respond to the third. They have magnified the personality and their infinitesimal place in the scheme of things; they

cannot imagine a world deprived of their sustaining force, they cannot imagine the desk, the study, the garden, even the dining-room without them, they think not only that they will miss their surroundings but that their surroundings will miss them.

A stroll through the west end of London might help. I walked on a fine morning through Piccadilly, turning aside first into Arlington Street and then into Park Lane, and recalled some of the famous people who dominated the scene when I was young and who have since passed out of the popular mind. I saw the homes of the great Marquess of Salisbury, our Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, of the Duke of Wellington, of Lord Rothschild and his brother Leopold, of Barney Barnato and his successor Sir Edward Sassoon, of Baroness Burdett Coutts and a score of others whose names were social history. Walking past these houses I asked myself how many outside their family circle remember these eminent Victorians who loomed so large on the horizon, whose movements were chronicled, whose wealth and influence were held to be fit matter for discussion. In their various ways they stood for Imperial Britain and we may learn something from brief thought of those lives, spectacular, useful or merely ostentatious but all contributing to a picture of what was, what is no longer, and cannot return. It is to their era that we, the survivors of Victorian times, belong; we played no part then save as spectators and that rôle has not been taken from us. The old scenes were familiar, the new ones are strange and there are among us a few who think the world should reduce speed because they can no longer keep up with it.

Here a grievous error lies; it is one that the elderly should endeavour to correct in themselves and their contemporaries.

A serene old age is such a beautiful gift that all who can should endeavour to enjoy it to the full. The road has been sign-posted by the followers of Faiths from which Judaism and Christianity alike derive; we may follow if we will.

S. L. Bensusan

PHILOSOPHY AND LIFE

II.—A VERDICT FOR THE "YOGI" vs. THE "COMMISSAR"

[In this concluding portion of his article, the first part of which we published in our last issue, **Mr. Melville Chaning-Pearce** defends, against the challenge of materialism, the philosophy of transcendence in which the mystic rises to heights which reason unsupplemented by the intuition cannot hope to reach.—ED.]

If we accept the dogma of a philosophy of immanence which, as we saw, assumes that Wisdom is limited to human knowledge, there seems to be no logic which can controvert the harsh logic of Mr. Koestler's "Commissar." If we believe the dogma of a philosophy of transcendence, which assumes a wisdom exceeding the mind of man, we align ourselves with the "Yogi," that is, with all those who believe and seek for Wisdom with a "something not ourselves."

It is indeed possible and plausible to adopt an intermediary attitude which is that of many philosophers and most mysticism and is excellently epitomized in William Blake's aphorism that "what is above is within" or, in other words, that Truth or Wisdom is to be found both within and beyond human consciousness. But this attitude still affirms that, in some sense, Wisdom is other than and transcendent to man; it does not therefore dissolve the real and fundamental antinomy of dogma. Either we accept the belief that there is a Wisdom which comes to and not only from man or we do not. It is a decision in the depths which cannot be shirked.

This is the region, not of discussion and proof, but of dogma and faith. And, in so far as rational credibility is concerned, there seems not a penny to choose between these two dogmas. It is just as difficult—some would say much more difficult—to believe that truth ultimately resides in the breast of a Comrade Stalin, an Adolf Hitler or a Mussolini who is "always right" as that it resides in the bosom of God or some Wisdom beyond our merely human ken.

Upon the level of logic this fundamental decision is thus a choice between two probabilities or improbabilities. It may be questioned, indeed, whether upon that level it is even a matter of choice. For we know that all our thinking is conditioned by our circumstances and that therefore those who are bred in a totalitarian climate will be inclined towards the one and those who live under a democratic and liberal *régime* towards the other belief. Again

we confront the same ultimate issue—is there beyond our conditions that which can and does overcome them? And this too is a question which logic cannot answer to our satisfaction.

Reason can lead us to this *impasse*; it cannot take us through or beyond it. Here in this "valley of decision" there is a "leap in the dark" to be made which is, in reality, an act of faith. But though reason, in the sense of inductive or scientific reason, which, since the Renaissance, the term has come usually to connote, may fail us here, reason in the original Greek sense of the *Nous* or "spirit," the total apprehension of the whole person ruled by reason, is in a different case. For such a reason, *Nous* or spirit is, in its original and proper significance, not only that which regulates the apprehension of the whole person but also that which receives and conveys intimations of a Reality and Wisdom from beyond its bounds. We thus confront the same ultimate issue in yet another guise. Are there "intimations" from beyond man's immediate conditions which such a reason can receive but not beget and upon which she can rely? But this time the appeal is, not to logic, but to the verdict of a total life-experience.

It is therefore one which only the individual can give; no one else can tell us what "rings real" for ourselves. This is, indeed, what is nowadays called an "existential" issue, which we can answer only as existing persons within and confronting existence as we know it. Do we in our life-experience ever become conscious of receiving intimations of the nature of being or of another person in his or her otherwise veiled reality, of some flash of comprehension, of being raised, if only for a moment, to power and perception more than we know ourselves to possess?

Such a consciousness is, perhaps, most often experienced or imagined in the state of what we call being "in love," although it is by no means confined to that state. Do we, in that state, *know* (not merely suppose) that we have some intimation of the real nature of life, of ourselves and of the object of our regard or love which is denied to normal experience and is also beyond normal capacity? Do we then, in fact, experience something quite different from and surpassing scientific or logical truth—what may be called "truth-in-love"?

This seems to be the test question upon which all philosophy depends. There are two possible answers. It is possible to maintain that such "intimations" of another and greater Reality and Wisdom than that which we normally know, of a "truth-in-love" other than the truths to which logic can lead us, are illusory, that the "inner secret self of self" which seems then to receive that truth is a fiction of our imagination and that the only real truth about it all is that of the biological urge to which scientific

materialism points.

On the other hand, it is possible to be utterly sure that, in such "immortal moments," we touch "something not ourselves" and, going a step further, to be sure that this truth which we touch then is a "truth-in-love" other and greater than our truths in and of time, that, as Auden lately wrote—"Truth is out of Time." It is to be noted, moreover, first, that this is an experience and a judgement concerning, not "pie in the sky" or some "other world," but the very concrete and often sordid world we inhabit here and now and, secondly, that while the judgements of logic purvey probabilities, this existential judgement offers a certainty which is self-convincing and self-sufficient. Those who make it laugh at logic; they claim to *know*.

The second, that such "intimations" are both real and from beyond the mind and conditions of man is evidently, consciously or unconsciously, the general judgement. For it is the faith by which men live. Take that faith in such an ultimate "truth-in-love" away from the majority of the decent, struggling, all-enduring people whom we know, and what is left? But, in fact, it cannot be taken away: it is —save for the suicide—an invincible faith. This is, too, a faith to which there is a great cloud of witnesses, not only among saints and philosophers, but also with a great multitude of the wise-simple folk of every age. It is a very catholic "*consensus fidelium*"—a consent common to all folk of faith.

It is a fundamental faith reached, not by some abstruse logical process, but by what we are accustomed to call "common-sense." It is of the same order as those existential judgements by which we live our ordinary lives in which, in nine cases out of ten, we act, not by "pure reason", but by what is sometimes called a "hunch," the sizing up of a person or a situation by the use of all our faculties in conjunction. This is no mystical illumination remote from our ordinary living or to be found fortuitously, but that which meets and transforms our own striving after reality, our consciousness at its fullest stretch and capacity.

Such intimations are not mystical in any esoteric sense, yet it is by this same mode of existential judgement that the true mystic and saint claim to know, not just to suppose, the reality of the Presence of God. Again this is a "truth-in-love" which, in fact or in some strangely strong, universal and obdurate illusion, they know that they know, just as the common man knows his minor intimations of reality. And, for these too, this is a meeting with Reality at the extreme end of the soul's ardent and intense desire—a continuation of the natural mind and consciousness into a dimension of "grace" or of super-nature, a fulfilment of nature. The records of that experience in the literature of mysticism and religion are innumerable and they are all of the same kind.

In this experience, therefore, strange though it may seem at first sight, unless all are equally deluded, the mystic, the saint and the common man and woman meet on common ground and, in essentials though not in scope share a common experience and certainty of a " truth-in-love " which meets the mounting soul and raises her beyond her natural reach. Here is a natural " mystique " where all men meet in a common experience. The real distinction is not between those who know this experience and those who do not, but between those who accept such intimations as real and those who deny their reality.

But to deny their reality is no less a " mystique " and a dogma. To affirm that individual man is a myth, but Man, writ large, a God and the " measure of all things, " that in Man in his conditioned existence, all truth is ultimately to be found by the mode of his empirical reason, is, in fact, when closely considered, a faith every whit as mystical and dogmatic as its opposite. It seems, indeed, to demand an even greater measure of faith in what, for pure reason, seems, on the face of it, absurd.

In this decision in the depths, then, we choose between two mysticisms, two dogmas about life. But the mysticism which founds its philosophy upon the dogma that there is a " truth-in-love " other and greater than our human selves, with which we may meet and communicate, is one which is not in the air of abstract speculation but upon the very earth of actual experience. Through and beyond our finiteness we touch an Infinite beyond and around it, in both human and divine love.

> You'd find the Infinite, my friend ?
> Follow the Finite to the end.

Goethe's saying fits that finding. When we follow our finiteness, our, as the pregnant saying goes, " common or garden " (this is philosophy of gardens and the " good earth ") experience and intimations to their ends, we find an Infinite—a " truth-in-love." That is the deep dogma of this other profound and perennial philosophy which opposes that of the materialist.

Here then is the yardstick by which those who accept that fundamental dogma may gauge the conflicting philosophies of life with which today we are so critically confronted. If that dogma is true and the experience which asseverates such a " truth-in-love " is real, then all philosophy which denies them is wrong at root and will be diseased in fruit. Those who make that act of fundamental faith will know that a true philosophy must seek its Wisdom not only in, but also beyond, man and that a philosophy, like that of scientific materialism, which denies that dogma is, in reality, not philosophy at all; that there, as Alexander Pope prophetically declared :—

> Philosophy that lean'd on Heaven before,
> Shrinks to her second cause and is no more.

And for a—if our common experience is to be relied upon—more realistic philosophy, our human reason will be reinstated as, not the master, but the handmaid of faith, rebuilding upon its intimations of "truth-in-love" a philosophy which begins and ends, not with the finite but with the Infinite.

Such a philosophy of "truth-in-love" will, however, by its very premiss, be no closed system; given its initial dogma, it will be delivered from dogmatism. For it will know that the Infinite Wisdom which it woos will always defy the bondage of human dogmatism. The followers of such a philosophy will not pretend to know all the answers because they will know that the ultimate answers are not with man but beyond him, in that great sea of Wisdom of which, like one standing by night upon a shore, he catches no more than the "sounds and scents." It is the reverential attitude towards Reality of all the "high religions" and great philosophies of the world; it is that of what Rilke called the "deeply kneeling man."

And with a word from Rilke's wisdom this brief essay at the real nature of a true philosophy and its relevance for our life may well conclude. He wrote to a young poet friend:—

You are so young and at the very beginning of everything that I must beg you, as earnestly as I can, to be patient towards all the unsolved problems in your heart and to try to care for the questions themselves as if they were closed chambers or books written in a foreign language. Do not search now for the answers which could not be given to you, because you could not live them, and the important thing is to live everything. At present live the questions and perhaps little by little, almost unconsciously, you will at some distant date enter into and live the answers.

That is very true talk. If we will "live the questions" which so perplex, sometimes so agonise us when we are very young and, as Mary Coleridge wrote, "very, very wise," we do in the end, strangely and very blissfully, begin to know glints of the real answers, often very other than our expectation, like rays from an unseen sun irradiating and transforming a darkened world. They are the very simple, very radiant answers of "Truth-in-love," of a Wisdom descending dove-like, "like the dayspring from on high" illuminating the lifted faces of the true lovers of Wisdom even while they dwell in darkness. For such a philosophy "cheerfulness" does indeed "keep breaking in," for there philosophy and common or garden sense meet and, at last as at first, are made one.

MELVILLE CHANING-PEARCE

SANSKRIT PROSE

[It is interesting that as recent and as able a critic as the late Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch follows the general distinction drawn by Vālmiki and Daṇḍin between prose and verse. He classes both as "memorable speech," seeing the difference as consisting largely in the manner of setting them down, prose in contrast to poetry being unconstrained by metre and "in rhythms both lax and various." There are some valuable lessons in this essay on the prose literature in "the language of the Gods," contributed by **Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao, M.A.**, lecturer in Sanskrit at the Tambaram Christian College. The blighting effect which he shows regimentation to have had on Sanskrit prose is typical of its effect on spontaneity and creativity in general. The necessary freedom of the human spirit is well symbolised by "the unfettered word."—ED.]

"The unfettered word," was Dante's definition of Prose and, curiously enough, another great genius of a different clime and time, Vālmiki in India, had suggested the same definition by implication when he defined '*Sloka*' or Poetry (of course its outer form) as *Pāda-baddhaḥ* or bound by metrical foot. Daṇḍin's definition of prose is also similar, *apādah padasantānaḥ* or a group of words not regulated by metrical foot. But the unbounded nature of the word, instead of giving an impetus to the growth or an easy or unrestricted flow of prose in Sanskrit, somehow tended to produce a style which appears laboured or cumbrous and rarely easily intelligible. It became, as Bhāmaha declared, though in a different context, a feast for the profound scholar alone, dullards never hoping to understand it at all. The ordinary novel as we find it in modern languages was never cultivated or encouraged and ordinary or journalistic prose shared the same fate. The reasons for this may have been manifold; our ancestors may have felt that the novel or newspaper prose might encourage a more lively attachment to the world around us which our Vedānta philosophy tried to deprecate in all possible ways. The critic contributed his mite in his officious instructions to the creative instinct.

Sanskrit prose had started with the ritual instructions to the priest in the performance of sacrifices in the *Yajurveda*. Later on, the lengthy and boring commentaries in the Brāhmaṇas produced a revulsion of feeling and the enigmatic and epigrammatic Sūtra style was the result. The swing was completely to the opposite side and a brevity mocking at even telegraphic crispness was aspired to, clarity being entirely given up. Naturally, big Bhāṣyas or commentaries had to be composed

to explain these crisp and sometimes unintelligible Sūtras. These Bhāṣyas were composed in such a dialectical and argumentative style that people were frightened by such prose, to which only master-minds could aspire. The natural difficulty of speaking or mastering the language, which slowly became more and more stereotyped because of the dictatorial attitude of the grammarians, contributed not a little to this result, and Patanjali's famous jibe—"It becomes un-Pāṇinīyan" acted like a bombshell scaring away any amateurish writer.

The critic went a step further and declared that even the smallest fault should not be tolerated under any circumstances in poetry or prose, both of which, it should be noted, are *Kāvya* for us. Patanjali's *Mahabhāṣya* actually records a discussion between a master and his coachman (Prājitṛ) as regards the origin of the name of the latter. (II. 4. 56) It also mentions that some of the most famous sages of the day were using, or rather murdering the language by using, most inaccurate forms on occasions other than literary or Śāstraic; but in sacrifices they took particular care to use correct grammatical Sanskrit only. But after Patanjali such things gradually disappeared. If Sanskrit was to be used, only Pāṇiniyan diction was tolerated and the natural flow of the language came to be very much restricted.

To crown the efforts of the grammarian, as it were, the critic came in with his dictum that prose was to be regarded as the acme or perfection of literary scholarship and consequently the highest literary art alone could aspire to prose. There were literary academies all over India, in Nālandā, Benares, Takshashilā, Kānchi and other places, where big fault-finding (*Doṣajna*) critics would congregate periodically and decide on a "literary fire test" in which all second-rate productions were mercilessly consigned to the flames or condemned. The censoring of the books was too carefully done and is referred to by Rājashekhara with respect to Bhāsa's dramas; "the wise" according to him "consigned the group of Bhāsa's dramas to the flames to test them, and the *Svapnavāsavadatta* alone could not be burnt by fire," testifying indirectly to its dramatic excellence.

Thanks to the critic, both prose and poetry were treated as literature and, as prose tended to become more heavy and overburdened with rules and compounds and other such artificial chains, it began to lose much of its appealing charm. According to Daṇḍin "*Ojas*" or Vigour is declared to be the very life of prose style, but this *Ojas* is defined as heaviness or profusion of compounds, which again is bestowed by the heaviness or the mouth-filling nature of the letters used. (I. 80-81)

With these heavy artificial chains, prose in Sanskrit could never be the unfettered word of Dante and obviously could not be memorised.

So, in the remunerative sciences like medicine, law, astronomy, astrology, music, or even sacerdotalism, where people had necessarily to remember a very large number of things, getting them by rote to be able to quote them off-hand, prose would never be of any service and poetry alone had to be resorted to. Even lexicons like the *Amarakosha* came to be composed in metre, to facilitate easy memorisation. In very many inscriptions, again, highly poetic ideas and speculative poetry superseded prose with the ostensible motive that posterity might gape with wonder at the composer's poetic muse.

In philosophical discussions also, for stringing together the various trends of discussion, "*Sangraha-slokas,*" providing the gist of the discussion, became the prevailing fashion. Keats had declared with true poetic insight that all poetic charms fly at the mere touch of cold philosophy, that philosophy could clip an angel's wings; but philosophy and religion invaded our literature in almost every branch, slowly making it more and more stereotyped. In the dramatic branch, tragedy was slowly ruled out of court; elsewhere in philosophical or scientific discussions poetry alone was encouraged, not because of the poetic urge, but only for the sake of easy memorisation.

It was only with respect to the lyrics, perhaps, that the intrusion of philosophy might be spoken of as having had a salutary effect inasmuch as the lyrics became more and more devotional and, what is more, a unique type, the erotico-devotional lyric like those of the *Gopikā-Gitam* or the *Gita-Govinda*——the only ones of their type in world literature—was evolved. But this is beside our point. The preoccupation of the creative artist with the more attractive poetry, drama or lyric tended to leave prose severely alone. Gradually it came to exist on sufferance in Dramas or Champus. Even here, following the example of the regular romances like the *Kādambari* or the *Vāsavadattā*, the prose style came to be so overburdened with long compounds, obscure allusions, puns and an "outrageous overloading of single words with epithets" that it never appealed to the masses, only the aristocratic arm-chair critic being attracted to it.

As already remarked, there is no difference made between prose and verse; in fact both are *Kāvya* for us, and by a sort of *Anvaya* and *Vyatireka*—unconsciously, though—non-poetic subjects were dealt with very often in verse, and non-prose subject-matter could easily be found dealt with in prose also, without evoking any unusual feeling. It must be noted here that the system of writing which was introduced rather late—about the seventh century B. C. in Pāṇini's time—would tend to make prose more popular. Not only could the sacred works be more easily remembered as poetry but there was also a general prejudice against committing the sacred

word to writing as it would make it profane. It was only in the very late *Harivamsa* and in the later Purāṇas that the custom of presenting the sacred books came to be regarded as highly efficacious. The difficulty of the Nagari script and the consequent popularity of the regional language script contributed their share to the wide gap between the spoken and the written language.

This gap was one of the most important causes for the gradual decline of prose. The rules of dramaturgy practically codified this cleavage by declaring that the scholar should speak Sanskrit while the women and other illiterate folk should speak the lower dialects or Prakrits only. This gap between the spoken and the written word was, curiously, the prevailing fashion for some centuries in England also, where Bacon even went to the extent of declaring that English was not a language which would live and preferred therefore to write his philosophical and scientific tracts in Latin. Latin was the language in which even patriotic authors like Sir Thomas More wrote their *Utopia* and other works.

This drifting away of the spoken from the written word was fortunately arrested by the rise of patriotic feeling in England during the Renaissance. There was a similar revulsion of feeling in favour of the Prakrits in Asoka's time and also a century or two later when Buddhist canonical writings were written in Pāli Prakrit only. This was short-lived as even Aśvaghoṣa and other zealous converts to Buddhism preferred later to write their Kāvyas in Sanskrit. The reason seems to have been obvious; in England, which is smaller than some of our bigger provinces, the English language could easily be understood throughout the length and breadth of the land whereas the variety of languages in India necessitated a common *lingua franca* as distinguished from the provincial language and this had necessarily to be Sanskrit.

In England, the close connection between the spoken dialect and the literary prose of the national language facilitated the change over from Latin, but in Sanskrit, the written and spoken prose drifted so far apart as almost to stifle prose out of existence. With regard to the change over from Latin to English, it has also been declared that the Elizabethan writers rather too suddenly realised the possibilities of the new English language and in their delight, "they played with the language as a child plays with something which has suddenly come into its power." (Sidney) Thus a new and unique type of enthusiasm possessed the patriotic authors and English prose literature could easily come into its own, thanks to the printing-press and other contributory causes.

But Sanskrit prose has to record its dismal tale differently. In Sanskrit literature, the regular prose works like those of Bāṇa and Daṇḍin, are not even half a dozen. Simple

and dignified prose cannot be found, thanks to the critic, and has to be searched out with the greatest difficulty, like an oasis in a desert, there as also in some of the best dramas, in the *Hitopadeśa* or the *Panchatantra* or in the excellent scholastic commentaries of Patanjali and Sankara, whose declared purpose was to make themselves intelligible to their students and who therefore preferred to write their books in the form of dialogues. This prose style can easily compare with the best prose in other languages and can very well be classed as "words in their best order," poetry according to the same critic being "best words in their best order."

U. VENKATAKRISHNA RAO

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY

Is the scientist responsible for the uses to which his discoveries are put? This question, of the greatest moment at the present time, was discussed at last year's Annual Meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in a symposium, two papers of which are published in *The Scientific Monthly* for August.

Dr. Felix S. Cohen of the U. S. Department of the Interior holds that since "we live in One World where all human conduct affects human weal and woe, no human conduct can rightly claim exemption from moral judgment." The physical scientist cannot escape "any more than any other member of society, responsibility for the human suffering he helps bring to pass."

Dr. P. W. Bridgman of Harvard University, a Nobel Prize physicist, marshals all the arguments against this eminently sound position—the scientist's inability to foresee the uses to which his discoveries may be put, the joint responsibility of the public which provides the research funds, etc. The crux of his argument, however, is that the search for knowledge should be free. In the name of "the freedom to be intelligent," he demands that no restrictions, humane or other, shall be put upon the research scientist's activities.

This setting up of the search for knowledge as an end in itself, unrelated to motive and use, is claiming for science a position above the moral law. The point of view of Dr. Bridgman and like-minded scientists is not essentially different from H. Trevor-Roper's description of a Nazi technocrat in *The Last Days of Hitler*, quoted by Arnold J. Toynbee in "When Monsters Become Masters: Gods in Technology—Apes in Life" (*The Saturday Review of Literature*, 16th August).

Albert Speer is instanced; he was the architect who served as Hitler's Armament Minister with brilliant professional success. He was a super-technocrat to whom politics and institutions mattered not and who believed that the prosperity and the future of a people depended upon the technical instruments whereby society is maintained.

This irresponsible attitude towards human affairs of the negatively respectable technician is evidently one key to the riddle of the genesis of Hitler's criminal regime, but its relevance is not limited to this pathological and, as it has turned out, ephemeral enormity in the political life of the West. It is characteristic of the political life of the greater part of the Western World during the last three or four centuries.

Fortunately, however, Western scientists are beginning to recognise the social implications of their work and to believe that science must accept its responsibilities to society. Dr. Cohen is right when he says that "the morality of *laissez faire*," when applied to science no less than when applied to economics, "reflects the bankruptcy of a society in which no group recognises its obligations to the rest of humanity."

HONOUR

[It is a one-sided case that **A. R. Williams** makes out here, with Falstaff as chief witness for the prosecution, Lovelace for the defence. If " honour " is, from one point of view, a hollow and meaningless term, betraying men and nations into folly in defence of mere prestige, " honour " and " honourable " have a deeper connotation of something which individuals and nations can ill afford to lose. In the sense of the recognised obligation to live by principles and to fulfil one's duty at whatever personal cost, " honour " is a correlate of the Sanskrit "Aryan." No valid case can be made out against the genuine honour of *noblesse oblige*, though one is made out here against its counterfeit in the base metal of the world's esteem. It would be a sad day for the world if one's word of honour lost its binding force for the honourable man.—ED.]

" And England's far and Honour a name." Henry Newbolt would have been shocked had he realised that his last statement can be taken as true in reverse from the strident patriotic sense of his *Vitai Lampada*.

Men innumerable have suffered and fought and died for honour, but that does not give the word any more validity. It is astonishing how individuals and masses will fight and die for words without inquiring into their content. Words have proved as potent begetters of bloodshed as gold, land, oil or religion. Butler begins *Hudibras* :—

> When civil dudgeon first grew high,
> And men fell out, they knew not why.

Nevertheless they had words to hide their ignorance, and that sufficed for apostolic blows and knocks. True it is that if people stopped to examine the terms they employ nine-tenths of the world's quarrels would not start. Honour is such a term.

In civil life honour may be equated with honesty, straight dealing, probity. A truth-teller is regarded as honourable, and he who pays his creditors and faces financial troubles. Bets and other verbal promises are debts of honour, so must be paid by gentlemen before trading transactions recorded on paper and legally enforceable. This personal and commercial aspect of honour is but a small part of the implications the word has accumulated over many centuries of usage. It became elevated into an ethical code akin to chivalry, an ideal for the young. Pope in his " Essay on Man " utters the couplet

> Honour and shame from no condition rise.
> Act well thy part ; there all the honour lies.

Time came when it was deemed an integral attribute of hero or gentleman, who might be put upon his honour to do something unpleasant or to avoid a course of action favourable to himself. Having pledged his honour he could not break a promise so backed. That was theory. Richard Lovelace, in " To Lucasta,

on going to the Wars," expresses this in high form :—

> I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honour more.

A few years later Butler is wittier if less noble. Hudibras in the stocks contemplates honour :—

> If he that in the field is slain,
> Be in the bed of honour lain.
> He that is beaten may be said
> To lie in honour's truckle-bed.

Privy Councillors are entitled to prefix " Right Honourable " to their names and the younger children of peers " Honourable." As Mark Antony asks, " Are they not all honourable men ? " Up to the middle of last century so many thought themselves such that one often challenged another to a duel for real or fancied affronts which were dignified as points of honour. This was a relic of the days when knights, as Rebecca told Wilfred in *Ivanhoe*, were not happy unless thrusting swords into each other's bowels. Among back-street Black Country toughs it survives in the debased form of raising their fists at offences or slights.

The Knight-errant wandered abroad seeking exercise for his honour. He had to have a chosen lady to worship, like Don Quixote's Dulcinea del Toboso. Some of the Crusaders took care to safeguard their dames by having the armourer affix on them girdles of chastity, removable only on their lords' return.

The knight *parfait* fought for his lady's honour, trusting her on her part to preserve that virtue intact. Hence a woman's honour, and its opposite, danger worse than death, came to have one limited meaning, a vast source of inspiration for poets, novelists and playwrights over a long period.

That seems to be coming to an end. Modern girls appear to be deciding that free intercourse and bearing children by choice are preferable to an abstraction. Old conceptions of honour worked plentiful harm in their time.

Under another guise honour is still pursuing its malignant and malific course. This is national honour. Urged by its unreasoning impulse governments build up bloated armaments, keep expensive Foreign Offices and secret services and impose crushing taxation, wasting wealth which should be devoted to civil and developmental purposes.

National honour breeds mistrust and prepares for war. It puffs up smaller nations with an exaggerated sense of their own importance. Through its evil persuasion Great Powers are driven to stiff-necked courses, not daring to be conciliatory for fear national honour shall be smirched. So bad politicians and all who work for nefarious ends have a cloak for their machinations, while the people can be bamboozled by a meaningless slogan into policies detrimental to themselves. *Relinquishment of the theory of national honour would be a big step toward world peace.*

Search through dictionaries, poetry, fiction, drama and history

reveals a myriad ramifications of honour.

But enough! Hear Shakespeare's Jack Falstaff tell the truth about honour:—

PRINCE: Why, thou owest God a death.

FALSTAFF: 'Tis not due yet: I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? How then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word, honour? Air. A trim reckoning: Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism.

A. R. WILLIAMS

WORLD COMMUNITY

The Good News of Damnation, of which Robert M. Hutchins writes in a recent "Human Events Reprint" is the news of the atomic bomb, which holds a no less ominous threat for being no longer news. Even if a devastating atomic war is avoided, a social and industrial revolution must follow the harnessing of atomic energy for constructive ends. The transition from "an economy based on work and scarcity" to one "based on leisure and abundance" must involve a difficult and dangerous period of dislocation and insecurity.

World government is the solution most commonly offered, but "World government, if it is to last, must rest upon world community." And that "requires a common stock of ideas and ideals." Civilisation is, Mr. Hutchins declares, "nothing but the deliberate pursuit of a common ideal." Where is that common ideal to be found, the common bond which can unite us all, "the common tradition in which, whether we know it or not, we all live"? Mr. Hutchins endorses, at least tentatively, the pregnant suggestion of the Delegate from Lebanon to the United Nations

> that the common bond and the common tradition were most clearly revealed in the great works of the human mind and spirit... if all the peoples of the earth could unite in the study of these great works, a world community might arise.

The educational effort is, then, obviously, of the first importance. Not education in how to earn more money than our neighbours, not education in the dogmas of priest-ridden orthodoxy, but learning to appreciate each other's culture through each other's great books and so to recognise the oneness of the human spirit everywhere.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

The Rise of Christianity. By ERNEST WILLIAM BARNES. (Longmans, Green and Co., Ltd., London. 15s.)

In Dr. Barnes, Bishop of Birmingham, we have an eminent and striking example of what he himself calls "an independent scholar." This he defines (p. 267) as "one who does not feel bound to reach conclusions prescribed by the Christian communion to which he belongs." Dr. Barnes is a Bishop of the Church of England, but this book gives ample evidence of the fact that his scholarship forbids him to accept a great deal that is taught and prescribed by that body.

With the fearless and ruthless consistency of the modern scientific mind he applies the findings of historical and literary research and criticism to the early records of Christianity. This leads him to reject completely everything that savours of magic and miracle. Even the miracles most necessary to orthodox Christian theology—the Virgin Birth and the physical resurrection of Christ—are dismissed with the rest as incredible and unproved. Probably many Christians will feel that he has gone too far in this, but to those, whether within or without the Christian Church, who find miracles a stumbling-block and pin their faith to a purely spiritual religion, this relentless consistency will come as a refreshing confirmation of their own position, backed as it is by Dr. Barnes's acute mind and unquestioned scholarship.

The book deals only with the first three centuries of the Christian era, the period during which the new faith was struggling for existence. It carefully probes and analyses all the available records of the life and teaching of Christ and the part played by his first followers and by Paul (who did not know him during his lifetime) in the development of ritual and doctrine; and shows how that development went hand in hand with a steady movement away from the purity and power of the original message.

In its early days Christianity was uncompromisingly pacifist, internationalist, socialist and moral, and its followers derived their strength from the teaching of Jesus and from their unwavering faith in his continued presence as a spiritual reality within and amongst them. Their worship took the form of meetings for prayer, fellowship and mutual encouragement, and a meal which had little in common with the ritual of the Mass which, in varying degrees of magic or semi-magic, has come down the centuries as the central rite of Christian worship. Baptism also had no miraculous cleansing efficacy, but was the means by which the early convert gave public evidence of his faith and sought the elation and courage without which it would not be possible for him to carry through the hazardous enterprise of association with that despised and persecuted group.

In short, the strength of early Christianity lay in its appeal to the masses because of its breaking down of the barriers of race and class. Those who accepted it were no longer bound by distinctions of Roman and Jew, rich

and poor, master and slave, but were all one in Christ, in loyalty to him, in the lifelong effort to live according to his teaching, and in the absolute conviction that his spirit, alive and real, not just a memory, was ever with them. In other words, its power was a moral and spiritual power, which gains nothing, and indeed has lost much, by appeal to miraculous sanction or confirmation.

That such a movement was able to take root and grow and spread as it did is one of the most astonishing things in history. "A most strange tale which would be incredible were it not true." (p. 336) And a tale which, as told by Dr. Barnes, leaves the impartial reader wondering what fresh heights of moral and spiritual achievement it might attain in the modern world if it were to shed its worldly and miraculous accretions and return to the foundation of moral and spiritual power with which it originated.

MARGARET BARR

Dance in India. By G. VENKATACHALAM. (Nalanda Publications, Post Box 1353, Bombay. Rs. 9/-)

Dance in India consists of two parts, the first devoted to impressions of a few dancers personally known to the author and for whom he confesses "enthusiastic appreciation," and the second half containing a few essays on the various forms of dancing in this country. The style is vague and meandering, though beneath a great amount of eulogy there is much sound sense. His tirade against the form of dancing in the films, for instance, is well justified:—

> The more the dances, the more is the money the film is sure to fetch. Why, then, bother about the rest? India is rich in dances, all sorts, classical dances, folk-dances, death-dances, devil-dances; catch hold of any girl or girls, no matter young or old, good or bad looking, straight or deformed, black or white; get them trained to shake their hips, to jerk their necks, to blink their eyes and to jump to the drum-beat; don't mind if the dance is in any particular style or in no style or in all styles; make a mumbo-jumbo of dancing, we know our audience. Money is the thing. Put more sex into it. Get, if possible, the vulgarest girl available and the least fussy in such matters, and there's your mighty, stupendous masterpiece of the age! That, crudely, is their policy.

And again:—

> We talk big but produce little....Our present-day poets, philosophers, artists and authors, with few rare exceptions, loudly proclaim our poverty. Our output is much, but nothing solid, substantial or lasting. There is an awakening, it is true, but it is still in its sleepy stage. All our achievements belong to the past; we have only national frenzy, caste arrogance, communal quarrels, petty jealousies and poverty of mind and heart to show to the world.

One is aware throughout the book of a certain hesitancy on the part of the author in deciding whether to make the book "popular" or "serious," with the result that it is neither. Begun in a light vein, with purely personal comments on various dancers, it ends with a sudden shift of attention to technical details, the whole of the last essay being a list of *mudras* and their meaning. *Dance in India* does not claim to be serious criticism, and is an addition to the series of "chatty" collections so much in vogue in India today. Their interest lies more in the popularity of the personalities they deal with than in any intrinsic merit of their own. Mr. Venkatachalam has been well served by his publishers, for the general get-up and the numerous photographs and illustrations have been excellently reproduced.

MRINALINI S. SARABHAI

The Great Religions of the Modern World: Confucianism—Hinduism —Buddhism — Shintoism — Judaism — Eastern Orthodoxy—Roman Catholicism —Protestantism. Edited by EDWARD J. JURJI. (Princeton University Press, U. S. A., and Geoffrey Cumberlege, London. $3.75 and 21*s.*)

The day of downright denunciation and ridicule of others' faiths has happily passed, but completely unbiased comparison of the various religions for the discovery of their common core of truth is still too much to hope from adherents of orthodox creeds. Special pleading by those who speak for their own religion and lack of enthusiasm in certain other presentations could be expected from the climactic arrangement of the latter half of this book and the make-up of the panel of contributors. All nine are theologians, one Jewish and eight Christian.

The volume, "a study of religion in its relation to the world crisis," aims at indicating "the genius, development, and spiritual core of the major contemporary religions." These could surely have been better conveyed by discriminating translations from their own scriptures. The analytic treatment results in a series of museum exhibits. The editor would have gained the readers' gratitude, though perhaps the other contributors' resentment, by an attempt at synthesis.

The appreciation seems genuine for the values of Confucianism, Taoism and Islam and, up to a point, of Buddhism, though there is regrettable confusion in the presentation of the Buddhism of Tibet. Hinduism is neither adequately nor quite accurately presented. Shintoism emerges badly discomfited from the encounter with Dr. Holtom, who would not only have it "sheared of its militarism" but also "purged of its mythology."

The reported resurgence of orthodoxy in Christendom is not a hopeful sign for freedom of thought throughout the world, nor is the move towards a united Christian front.

A highly interesting and informative but in some respects a disappointing book.

E. M. H.

Soviet Literature To-day. By GEORGE REAVEY. (Lindsay Drummond, Ltd., London. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Every lover of literature must have some curiosity about the kind of literary work which has been produced in Russia during the last thirty years. Mr. George Reavey, who "spent several years in the Soviet Union as a Deputy Press Attaché," and also as a small boy, is superbly equipped for his task of interpretation. The trouble is that scores of unfamiliar Russian names hurtle across his pleasant pages. He could do nothing but refer to their work, so familiar to him, and hope to give us a general impression of what Russians are now reading.

They have moved a long way from the early nineteen-twenties when the Soviet produced a vulgar, blasphemous pack of cards which I have seen. We read, for instance, that

> Shakespeare is omnipresent in the plays and the sonnets....Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* and poems by Wordsworth and Keats have also been recently rendered into Russian.... But one of the most popular poets is Robert Burns, who is not only frequently translated but also set to music by Soviet composers such as Shostakovitch and Khrenikov.

A writer named Iury Krymov significantly proclaims that "life without struggle or the pathos of creativeness ("pathos" ought perhaps to be "strain"), a consumer's life wingless and moved only by egotistical impulses, degrades man, impoverishes his spiritual world and can afford no real happiness, which is only known to those *men who move history forward.*" (Author's italics.) Again, we read in an essay quaintly called *The Lyric and Socialism* (as who should write of *The Lyric and Capitalism*) the words

> Socialist lyricism, which in the process of historical development manifested itself chiefly in the negation of the old world and in the call for struggle against it, now in the conditions of a victorious Socialism assumes a new function—that of *affirming* Socialist society and revealing the positive aspects of the new Socialist man.

The reader who is sympathetic to the Soviet system need only substitute the word "Fascist" for the word "Socialist" in the above passage to decide whether such an attitude is likely to produce attractive literature. Mr. Reavey indicates that Russia is attempting to establish a new literary tradition, one that is based on realism, and a feeling that truth is more important than beauty. If we except the work of Turgeniev and perhaps of Pushkin, this preference does seem to have been the strength and the limitation of Russian literature.

CLIFFORD BAX

Science, Liberty and Peace. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. (Chatto and Windus, London. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Mr. Huxley's theme is peace—peace with liberty—peace in spite of science. "Is there any way," he asks, "in which the material advantages of progressive technology can be combined not only with security, but also with freedom?" Scientific and technological progress, culminating in the doodlebug and the atomic bomb, has equipped the political bosses who control vast areas today with incalculable reserves of power for coercion, for regimentation, for destruction. What next? Another world war...with annihilation gaping yonder? On the other hand, can we not, even at this late hour, diagnose the malady and root it out? To Mr. Huxley centralized finance is the very villain of the piece,—and hence he sees in decentralization the only way out of the mess. Inventors and technicians are not afflicted with some "original sin"; they may, in altered circumstances, apply the results of pure science to promoting freedom, peace and a full, humane and purposive life. Human beings require food for the body as well as for the mind—and the soul no less has its unique cravings. Unless all these needs are satisfied, men and women carry with them an indeterminate load of frustration. The malady of our civilization is that spiritual progress has not kept pace with material progress, restraint has not come in the wake of our new-found giant strength. The scientists and technicians of today and tomorrow can construct a new world if they firmly pledge themselves to use their knowledge "for the good of humanity and against the destructive forces of the world and the ruthless intent of men." But will the scientists rise to the heights of wisdom and restraint that the occasion demands?

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

The Hormic Theory: Advanced Psychology. By P. S. NAIDU, M.A. (Central Book Depot, Allahabad. Rs. 7/8)

The hormic theory of the late William McDougall, which Professor Naidu here ably expounds, corrects and extends, posits purpose behind all human and even animal behaviour. One of his followers suggests that mind may extend even into the realm of plants. Purpose being of the mind, not of the body, the hormic theory rejects all mechanistic explanations of behaviour. It sees pleasure and pain as concomitants, respectively, of successful or thwarted striving towards the goal, determined either by innate propensities or by acquired sentiments, the latter being built up from simple emotions, instincts or propensities. Sentiments in turn are built into a scale of values. Being acquired and not innate characteristics, the higher sentiments "have to be built up patiently and preserved with the utmost vigilance," lest they regress into their primitive components. A permanent scale of values is said to be the root of a stable character. A universally acceptable scale of values would mean international harmony. Fortunately "sympathetic induction" is possible for sentiments as well as for the primitive emotions. The master sentiment is vitally important because conduct is determined by it. The West, Professor Naidu charges, "has yet to discover a fundamental scale of values." There self-regard is said to be the master sentiment, in contrast to the Eastern "Parabrahm regard," the former leading naturally to self-assertion, the latter to sympathy, the hormic interpretation of which is claimed to lead to an Advaitic view of the self. There is an approach to ancient Eastern concepts on the theory of a "psychic continuum" of which, Dr. Lundholm of Duke University suggests, the individual mind may be a part. Professor Naidu's book is an important contribution to synthesis, not only between modern psychological theories but also between the latter and Hindu psychology. It deserves the serious attention of modern psychologists; and the lay reader who braves the subtitle's warning will have his reward.

E. M. H.

India. (Re. 1/12); *Poems.* (Re. 1/6); *Caste, Culture and Socialism.* (Re. 1/4); *Thoughts on the Gita.* (As. 5); *Powers of the Mind.* (As. 7); *Work and Its Secret.* (As. 6). All by SWAMI VIVEKANANDA. (Advaita Ashrama, Mayavati, Almora, Himalayas)

"Like some delicately poised bell, thrilled and vibrated by every sound that falls upon it, was his heart to all that concerned her (India)" said Sister Nivedita insightfully of Swami Vivekananda. For the multiple misery of his Motherland—cultural, political, economic, social—so deeply touched his heart, filled as it was with the sympathy and sensitiveness of his abiding affection for her, that he made of his philosophy of life a flame to burn up the very sources of her sepulchre-like stagnation. And so he turned a patriot intent on building "a new Jerusalem" with his tools of vision and work. "Man-making" became his mission because he realized that any reform or reorientation, to be effective as well as all-sided, must have its origin and initiative in the spirit of

Man himself. Indeed the individual is more important than the environment.

The six books under review have been framed out of the voluminous writings of the revered Swami. Their dominant note is one, though variations on it are many: "O ye brothers all, arise, awake; be men, you are walking corpses." And if there are any obstacles in the way of an integral unfoldment of the individual—a corrupted caste system with its degrading "don't-touchism," the tyranny of the minority, the ignorance of the majority, etc.—they must all be swept aside. For he "stood for a cultural and spiritual fraternity in which there would be not only economic socialism and political freedom, but also moral and intellectual kinship." Hence his unfailing emphasis on ever-progressive perfection and on the purity of those who would work among the people.

Swamiji's *Poems* is a book apart. It is a stimulus to Self-realization and expression of that Self-realization in altruistic acts in the service of the Mother, the Motherland and Man. The printing and get-up of the publications are of a high order indeed.

G. M.

The Great Beyond. By MAURICE MAETERLINCK; translated by MARTA K. NEUFELD and RENEE SPODHEM. (Philosophical Library, Inc., 15 East 40th Street, New York City. $3.00)

Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian-French author, awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in 1911 "in appreciation of his many-sided literary activities, and especially of his dramatic works, which are distinguished by a wealth of imagination and by a poetic fancy which, under the guise of legend, shows deep penetration, mysteriously reflecting the unrealised emotions of the reader," is one of the most distinguished living thinkers and writers. As the author of outstanding works like *The Treasure of the Humble* (1896), *The Life of the Bee* (1901), *The Buried Temple* (1902), *Life and Flowers* (1907), *The Blue Bird* (1909) and *The Great Secret* (1922)—Maeterlinck has already made a lasting impress on the high thought-ways of the world.

In this latest book, Maeterlinck repeats himself to some extent—in the sense that he has given us his stray musings about the hidden mystery lying close beneath the surface of ordinary life, and the relation of man's soul to the infinite. There is no predetermined plan in the book; it is a kind of literary and philosophical scrapbook, a casket of gems, a valuable collection of striking images and germinal ideas woven into a charming poetical pattern. Particularly thought-provoking are the dialogues—"The Child Which Does Not Want To Be Born," "The Man Who Wants To Commit Suicide," and "The Old Man Who Does Not Want To Die."

Maeterlinck's "Prelude" to the volume is a highly instructive piece in itself—a good introduction to the book as well as to the personality and thought-world of the author.

The Great Beyond is just the type of book that one has learnt to expect from Maeterlinck—one that stirs the sleepy recesses of the human mind.

V. N. BHUSHAN

The Medieval Manichee. A Study of the Christian Dualist Heresy. By STEVEN RUNCIMAN. (Cambridge University Press, London. 15s.)

As the author frankly admits in the first paragraph of his Foreword, the main title of his book is theologically unjustifiable, but the subtitle is clear enough, providing that the reader does not expect a study of doctrine, for the present work deals almost exclusively with the history of various movements, and very little with their doctrines.

Considered from this point of view, Mr. Runciman has presented us with a comprehensive and scholarly account of a subject that is definitely intricate. With a view to the simplification of his treatment, he has considered the various sects under the four main classifications of Paulicians, Bogomils, Patarenes and Cathars, with a preceding chapter devoted to a consideration of the Gnostic background, and followed by a shorter chapter on the Dualist tradition. There are four Appendices, of which the first three are very useful to the reader, and excellent Bibliography and Index.

It must, of course, be a question of personal predilection, but for myself the doctrinal aspects of a faith, whether it be termed heretical or not, are of much greater interest than the purely historical vicissitudes to which it is subjected, and I was, therefore, disappointed to find that the treatment accorded to the subject was as I have indicated. Such feelings were, however, to some extent mitigated by the realisation that Mr. Runciman seems over-prone to accept the account of these faiths which is given by their enemies, and to place in the records given by the Inquisition, a faith which seems only to be parallelled by the confiding belief of Mr. Montague Summers in the records of the witch trials.

This is probably due to the fact that he himself would appear to be most staunchly orthodox, or so at least his Introduction would lead one to suppose. For instance, he alludes to "the vast superstructure that orthodox theologians have built over the fundamental Christian revelation" and states that these conclusions were reached "by the continual arduous efforts of the intellect" and that they were "the attempt of the best brains of a great intellectual era to display all the implications of that revelation." He adds that "the Church was narrow-minded because the true Path is narrow, and it knew that for Christians no other Path led to Salvation." The Gnostics and the Dualists are blamed because they endeavoured to put forward a solution of the problem of the origin of evil, a problem which, despite its fundamental importance, the Churches have to this day ignored, with the resulting weakness of their own "vast superstructure." Mr. Runciman also expressed the opinion, that may surprise many, that "It is the State, not the Church, that persecutes, and the State that should be blamed for the cruelties of persecution."

While one may well wonder which is the true Christian Orthodoxy today, it might well be that the survivors of the older Christian Faiths, could they revisit this world, would but regard it as an example of a successful heresy.

E. J. LANGFORD GARSTIN

The World Crisis: Sri Aurobindo's Vision of the Future. By ANILBARAN ROY. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London.)

In this small book of 157 pages, the author gives a description of what Sri Aurobindo thinks of the future of the world.

Sri Aurobindo has seen in his unique Yogic vision that humanity is proceeding towards a divine realisation on the earth through a progressive evolution. He has ascertained by Yogic means what man will actually have to do in order to attain the goal, and has been preparing the conditions under which the Truth can manifest.

There are nine chapters. In the first the author gives a general account of the real tendencies of Nature in her evolution and contrasts such tendencies with the modern tendencies of science. Then he says that a "society which rejects spiritual values cannot bring forth a better and higher order of human life simply by giving encouragement to Science and Art in the name of culture." He also says that "if at this crucial hour humanity makes a wrong choice, the whole race may even be wiped out from the face of the Earth as being an evolutionary failure, and Nature may start her experiment on some other planet in some other solar system."

After this chapter on "The Evolutionary Crisis" there is a chapter on "The Spiritual Ideal" and a third on "The Yoga of Sri Aurobindo," which he says is not meant for the renunciation of life but for its integral perfection and fulfilment.

In the next chapter, "Is It God's War?" he says

...he himself has become all these finite beings to manifest some of the miracles hidden in His infinite being, and if in the process of this manifestation some suffering is inevitable, he himself shares it with mankind.

The remaining chapters deal with "The Ideal of Human Unity" (I. The Abolition of War and II. The World State); "The World Order and World Religion," where by religion he means spirituality; "The Coming Age of Spirituality," where he says that there is a change in the world in favour of a spiritual outlook generally, and "Sri Aurobindo's 'The Life Divine.'"

There are profuse quotations from the writings of Sri Aurobindo in this book. There are many statements that provoke deep thinking, much with which reasonable people will agree and little that does violence to reason. Science, as an investigation of the mere phenomenal world, cannot offer a solution for the evils now current in human affairs. A change in outlook, a recognition of a "Subject," a "Spirit" as a fundamental in this universe, alone can bring about brotherhood among men. I cannot, for myself, think of a state of affairs in this world when there will be no evil; then there will be no world also. But I do realise that virtue may triumph over evils and recognise the possibilities of overcoming individual evils as and when they come, though evil in itself may not vanish so long as the world exists. This change of outlook towards the constitution of the world and towards the problems of life must be achieved by a change in our notion of science and not by replacing science by religion or philosophy. If science becomes truly scientific, science will have to think of the "Spirit" and of "God." The book under review affords real help for this change in modern science.

C. KUNHAN RAJA

CORRESPONDENCE

THE GREEK TRAGEDY

[**Dr. Munir Abdallah Moyal, Ph. D.**, a Turkish-descended citizen of Jaffa, whose "Report on the Turks" appeared in our July issue, presents here his inside impressions of another of the countries of Southern Europe, unhappy Greece, whose heroic resistance to the avowed enemies of freedom caused modern Greeks only a few years ago to be heralded throughout Allied countries as worthy scions of a valiant race. This letter was posted by air from Greece but it never reached its destination, probably due to the censorship in that country. A copy of it, posted on 17th July from France, reached us just in time for this issue.—ED.]

Greece today is like the Parthenon; from afar it seems intact, but it is only an empty shell. At first sight, it is the same Athens with its wide avenues, only here and there some missing structures. The centre is teeming with lively people who do not seem in the least terror-stricken or down and out, the rich shops are well-stocked with American goods via the black market, the terraces of the cafés are full of elegant and beautiful women. But step into the shop of Pericles or of Demosthenes, buy only a post-card or have an ice-cream and you will find that all costs twice or thrice as much as, say, in Turkey. And you are a tourist well-stocked with foreign bank-notes, at a premium in this inflation-ridden country.

I ask my guide, a kind and decent man, how the labourer or the white-collar worker can make ends meet when a good meal costs 30,000 drachmes and a pair of shoes 150,000. He answers "Visit the suburbs and you will find out." Little by little, the stately buildings give place to filthy hovels of beaten earth mixed with chopped straw. The taxi stops in one of these streets. The guide introduces to me his neighbours, poverty-stricken people, but friendly and hospitable. "A foreign newspaperman!" I am surrounded by a crowd. Everyone eagerly invites me to his home. I enter the first house; I am offered a soap-box to sit on.

"The gentleman apologizes; he has sold nearly all his furniture in order to eat," translates the guide. "He has a family and earns only 200,000 drachmes a month. Now you realize that in this gay Athens only a happy few can enjoy the luxuries offered at the night-clubs—tourists, black-marketeers, high officials, ex-collaborators who have put something aside for a rainy day and have come out of hiding, for the Government is lenient towards them, and some Greeks who have done well in Egypt—perhaps 15% of the nation. You see for yourself the rest."

An old matron, with a noble face like a carving, is speaking impassioned words: "You see these people? Every one of us has some relative in jail, a husband, a son, a brother, a sister; we are always under police surveillance; any day we may be thrown in jail or banished to the islands without trial or evidence. Tell the world that the 'unfettered' plebiscite for the King was only a joke; we were permitted only to

abstain from voting; the voting-papers of the suspected opponents were marked and the "Nay's" are denied all work. Tell the world that we enjoy only one freedom: to starve to death."

"The American democracy is bolstering up a Fascist government worse than the Germans' and the Italians'!"

"The officers of the pro-Nazi Security Battalions have been promoted and are butchering our brothers in Macedonia, Epirus and the Peloponnesus. Only this scum is judged 'reliable' by the Government for doing this hangman's job."

"At first we received the English soldiers as liberators, thinking that the nightmare of the German occupation, of the deportations, of the requisitions, had at last ended. But the worst was to come. See what they have done to our suburb!"

I am shown a half-erased street.

"Done by the English, during the last civil war in Athens, two years ago."

"Without the UNRRA there would have been no Greece today."

Even before the war, Greece was a poor country. It has no great mineral resources. The greatest part of its territory, being mountainous, is none too fertile, but the sea is there, the coast is deeply indented with gulfs; everywhere there are islands. For all its small surface, Greece has more than 2,000 kilometres of coast, nearly as much as France. One travels from town to town by sea, not on the railway. The Greek has always felt at home on the sea. When, after an excruciating march through hostile Asia Minor the Ten Thousands saw afar the glittering waves, they shouted "*Thalatta, thalatta!*" The sea! They were saved! Before the war, you could see in every port the Greek tramp, a sturdy cargo-boat of 1,500 to 2,000 tons, taking on freight at cheap rates, ploughing the seven seas through storm and shine. These "Panayoti" ships gave work to thousands, and brought riches to the motherland. Whereas another country needs a crew of forty, the Greeks need only twenty-five; they are so hard-working and such good sailors. Where are all these cargo-boats, plying between the islands? Where is this navy, ninth in the whole world in 1939? Sent to the bottom, chiefly through wanton German destruction. The harbour of Piræus is strewn with their wrecks.

A life-line has been cut and nothing done to replace it. The tobacco crop and the currants alone cannot give work and food to a whole nation. Add to the destruction of the navy the burden of four years of occupation, the destruction of all kinds wrought by a trapped enemy and you will understand how Greece became the beggar of Europe.

The present Government is in power only by the grace of American capitalists behind the State Department. Were they to withdraw their hand, their Greek henchmen would not stay in power for twenty-four hours. Who among the Greeks are supporting this Government? The worst reactionary elements, the collaborators, afraid of popular justice, the police and not the whole army. Every day one reads of an army purge, officers demoted and soldiers banished to the islands.

But it would be stupid to say that the plight of the poor was brought on only by this Government. Greece has always been a land of hardship. The rich were always very rich and the poor very poor; there is hardly a middle class, that backbone of every

country. But the present régime, in covering the big black-marketeers and doing nothing to reduce the inflationary trend, has deepened the gulf between classes. It has brought something new: social hatred.

Before, want existed. But at least everyone had enough to eat. Living was very cheap. For a few leptas one could have enough bread, rice, chick-peas and stockfish, the staple diet of the poor. Even the poorest could go every Sunday to the beach of Vouliagmini or to the banks of the Illissos, made famous by Socrates and his disciples, and enjoy there a bottle of "ouzo" or "tsuika" and cucumbers and boiled mutton-head. The Greek people are very gay and lively. They are spendthrift as a people, living in the present, heedless of tomorrow. But misery has changed them—nothing to spend; rice and chick-peas, not to speak of "ouzo" and "tsuika," luxuries that only the rich can afford. Between the poor and starvation is only the meagre *sportula* dispensed by the popular kitchens of the UNRRA. And quite a few, chiefly the white-collar workers, are too proud to resort to it. When you see them going well-clad to their offices, you don't know that, for keeping up this decent appearance, they have eaten only a crust of bread.

I feel all these people strangely near to me; I feel myself wronged by all the evil done to them. On the spot I realize how much I owe to the Hellenic culture. I am indebted to it for most of my ways of seeing and thinking. They have taught mankind the noblest feelings—faith in human reason, love of freedom and of beauty. They have been and they are "*l'éternel cri de pitié devant l'éternelle injustice.*"

They have taught mankind the greatest lesson: never to kneel before brute strength. When the King of Kings sent to Leonidas the ultimatum "Surrender thy arms," he received the laconic answer "Come and take them."

The "Andartes," the democratic partisans who have taken to the mountains, are no degenerate sons of such ancestors. Sometimes, you read a communiqué in the newspapers: "A gang of bandits was annihilated on Mount Gramos in Greece." Behind these words, you must see the desolate Greek mountains, the landscape of boulders of blood-red porphyry and of pale malachite as though sprayed with verdigris. The country is exuding hatred—a hatred falling from the blazing sky, a hatred mounting from the overheated rocks.

On the one side, the regular army, with American and English military "observers" backed by all the most modern means of annihilation. On the other side, a handful of "Andartes" fighting not only for their own freedom, but for the freedom of the whole world, fighting for their own ways of living, for the very soil—fighting for their lives with no hope of outside help. Men with courage, with fear, with hatred, men with all the human instincts and feelings, in the throes of agony against blind machines. Men who see the last precious spark of life crushed out of a brother or a friend and can do nothing but fear the same fate.

And those planes, hovering round in a leisurely manner, sure that the prey will not escape. Soulless machines, never weary, to destroy this soft flesh as if envious of the flickering and frightened soul hidden deep inside.

Last century, when Greece was reeling under Turkish sway, societies were created in the whole world, even in America, to support her cause. The greatest writers and thinkers such as Chateaubriand, Byron, Lafayette, were among these Hellenophiles. They deemed that Greece who had done so much for mankind was a matter of concern for mankind. Englishmen, Frenchmen, even Americans, fought and died for Greece and these societies were instrumental in causing the civilized world to intervene and assure the independence of the country.

Now England and America are patronizing a régime of terror and corruption more hated by the great majority of the country than the Sultan's sway of yore. England and America, professors of democracy to the world, are supporting the Greek Fascists and collaborators. If Greece is on the line of cleavage between two conceptions, between two blocs, must she for that be held in eternal bondage? No country is worthier to be free than this cradle of true democracy. Free and unfettered elections, without any pressure, without any foreign "observers" must be held and thereafter, let Greece choose her own way. Hands off Greece!

M. A. MOYAL

BRITONS IN FUTURE INDIA

I notice that the trend amongst recent Indian Correspondents is, and not without certain justification, to be rather sceptical about the value of British workers in India, and more particularly about the Missionaries.

Myself British, I find that I am very largely, if not entirely, in agreement with them, but nevertheless wish it to be known that there is a certain type of Britisher for whom there are no racial, religious, or colour barriers, and furthermore who sincerely wish for the material and spiritual well-being of the new "India for the Indians."

It would be a pity if those of us who are prepared to give up all that we have in the West in order to work in, and for, the East, have to start under this cloud of scepticism. While I am prepared wholeheartedly to join in the condemnation of those who have, by their sadly mistaken missionary zeal, deprived India of the unshaken loyalty of so many "converts" to a religion which is of no more than equal value with any other, I would not like myself or others with similar feelings of sincerity, when we come to India to come automatically under that same condemnation.

CAILEAN RULE

Surrey, England.

THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF CULTURE

[We wish to keep our readers *au courant* of the activities of the Indian Institute of Culture, the important constructive effort at Bangalore described in our May and September 1947 issues.

"Gandhi Jayanti" was celebrated at the Institute by a Special Meeting on October 2nd when Shri D. V. Gundappa presided and unveiled the portrait of Gandhiji and, in a Symposium, Shri K. Ramakotiswara Rau, Editor of *Triveni*, spoke on "Mahatma Gandhi as Bridge and Reconciler" and Mr. Phillip Spratt, on "Mahatma Gandhi as Apostle of Light and Truth Force."

The Institute programme of public activities for September included two recitals of vocal music by Shri Dilip Kumar Roy of the Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry, a public lecture by Shri K. Guru Dutt on "The Scope and Function of Language" and several meetings of the Discussion Group described in an "Ends and Sayings" paragraph in our October number.

Besides one of the books named in that paragraph those discussed in September included *The Vedantic Buddhism of the Buddha*, edited by J. G. Jennings, which was presented for discussion by Rajadharma Prasakta Shri A. S. R. Chari.

Shrimati Kamala D. Nayar, M. A., of the Mysore Maharani's College, a critic of popular style but growing prestige, presented *A Wordsworth Anthology*, selected and with an Introduction by Laurence Housman. This paper, slightly curtailed, we are presenting here.—ED.]

A POET OF THE UNITY OF NATURE AND OF MAN

The average reader, when he hears Wordsworth mentioned, is apt to think immediately of "Lucy Gray" or "The Solitary Reaper," or that seemingly simple poem: "My Heart Leaps Up When I Behold a Rainbow in the Sky"; or he might remember those oft-quoted lines about the daffodils:—

> They flash upon that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude.

Wordsworth easily finds his way into school texts— so easily that if we lose all touch with him after leaving school we are apt to think of him as a poet who mainly wrote poems for children. Wordsworth, however, is a poet for all ages, though whether he is loved and revered by all depends to a great extent on the individual's approach to Wordsworth's poetry.

A great deal depends in the first place upon what we expect from poetry. Poetry supplies a need, a hunger, which prose does not, and by prose I mean real prose, not the prose of Virginia Woolf, for example, which is poetry in prose form. There is something that poetry offers which prose does not; something it may be in form (though this is a detail), something certainly in atmosphere, in the emotions it evokes. It is a bit difficult to give an

exact definition of poetry, though people have tried at various times and with varying degrees of success. I rather like Elizabeth Drew's definition which a logician would consider outrageous, though actually it is fundamentally true. She says: "Whatever poetry is, it is not something else. It is not religion, or philosophy, or æsthetics, or science, or knowledge. It is poetry." And she goes on to quote Emily Dickinson's equally delightful and equally feminine remark: "If I read a book and I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry."

I think we have to depend on intuition to tell us what is poetry and what is not. Anyone who reads a verse from some poet and then reads a sentence of prose will be aware of the difference. Take, for instance, one of Wordsworth's own poems:—

> The stars of midnight shall be dear
> To her, and she shall lean her ear
> In many a secret place,
> Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
> And beauty born of murmuring sound
> Shall pass into her face.

Now if we were putting into prose form this description of the influence of Nature upon a young girl we should probably say: "And the stars and the rivulets were her friends." Even so, we cannot completely escape the poetry of thought in that line. As for the last two lines they cannot adequately be rendered into any sort of prose at all. Poetry, therefore (I quote Elizabeth Drew again), is a stimulus—a particular stimulus which evokes "a certain response in the right kind of reader."

We cannot go to a poet and demand from him things he cannot give. We cannot demand that he should write this type of poetry or that. *This* we can demand: that he should write poetry—else he cannot claim to be a poet. There are different types of poetry, for poets like others have their own personalities, and we cannot fit them into Procrustean beds and twist their work to fit our ways of thinking.

Wordsworth has had to suffer more than any other poet for the one handicap of his career. He outlived his talent by nearly forty years. Keats died when he was barely twenty-six, in the prime of his life, at the height of his poetic powers; and by 1819, which was the wonderful year of his life, he had given the world his six beautiful Odes and his narrative poems. Shelley died young—so did many of the other poets. I do not mean to imply that Wordsworth should have died young, but he should have stopped publishing poetry after the first ten brilliant years of his career as a poet. Wordsworth is one of the most unequal poets one can find. Much of what he wrote was poor, but some of it was the purest and grandest poetry, most of which he wrote between 1797 and 1807, and it is by this magnificent poetry that he will be remembered. After those brief years of genius he lost the transmuting touch which has the power to make simple, common things beautiful. When inspiration failed him, he was too honest to give his verse cheap finery, and the result was ridicule. But because of his other poems, which by their beauty of sentiment and exquisite simplicity have the power to sustain and the power to thrill, he has survived the ridicule and still remains one of the great poets in the English language.

Wordsworth wished to be considered as a teacher. His approach to poetry was different from that of the poets

who had gone before him. Because he considered that poetry ran the risk of being mere ornamentation, he tried to cultivate the public taste for a new type of poetry. This poetry was to take simple incidents from common life, and relate them as far as possible in a language really used by men. In other words, he wanted to strip poetry of all artificiality. In collaboration with Coleridge he set about publishing a set of poems which he called "The Lyrical Ballads." To these belong "Simon Lee," "We Are Seven," "Goody Blake," and others, so many of which provoked critics to derisive laughter. Surprisingly enough, we come across in this same selection Coleridge's poem "The Ancient Mariner" and Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey" (which by the way, is neither a lyric nor a ballad). Much depends on the way in which we approach the Lyrical Ballads. Many of them are either sublime or ridiculous. In the poem "Alice Fell" for instance, the idea he wishes to convey is great, independently of the way he conveys it. A child losing her only cloak is as pathetic as a King losing his empire. And in "The Idiot Boy" which unkind critics have not spared, the theme is the sublime love of a mother for her child, even though that child is mentally deformed. Wordsworth tried to show that even simple folk had in them something profound. The trouble was that Wordsworth tried to find something great in everything simple, and if it was not there he tried to worry it out of the subject. The result is sometimes disappointing. Poetry cannot be written to order—it certainly cannot be reduced to a formula. And that is what Wordsworth sometimes gives the impression of doing. When he started with the intention of creating a new taste in poetry, he did succeed in great measure, but when he wanted his public to consider *everything* he wrote in the same light, the public demurred.

> Every great and original writer in proportion as he is great or original, must create the taste by which he is to be relished; he must teach the art by which he is to be seen.

That was what he said. And Wordsworth was one of the most original of English poets. Original in the sense that he had the courage to leave the beaten track and follow one of his own making. He turned austerely from the conceits and the empty splendour that sometimes did duty for poetry and sought inspiration from the humblest objects in Nature.

Hazlitt says roundly that Wordsworth's muse is a levelling one—that it scorns cloud-capped towers and solemn temples and gorgeous palaces; but Hazlitt is equally sincere when he says that Wordsworth has described objects in Nature with a greater intensity of feeling than any one before him. "To the retired and lonely student of Nature he has an appeal that will never die."

Wordsworth having started with an idea, however, did not know where to stop. He became the victim of a theory. Poets who are victims of a theory are at their best when they transcend this theory, and it is when Wordsworth occasionally, as in the "Immortality" Ode, allows himself to forget his theorising, that he is at his best. He is at his best too, in the Lucy poems, in "Tintern Abbey" and in passages of "The Prelude," most of which we may meet in any anthology.

It is usual to think of Nature in connection with Wordsworth's poetry.

It has, in fact, become a trick of thought associated with his name. A worshipper of Nature, he speaks in "Tintern Abbey" of Nature as the nurse, the guide, the guardian of his soul and all his moral being. We owe to Wordsworth a new and completely satisfying poetry of Nature and her influence on man. It is easy, again, to ridicule this attitude of his to Nature. Huxley in one of his essays says that Wordsworth would not have been so glib in his praise of Nature if he had lived in the tropics and had a taste of tropical jungles; he would have distilled not joy, but terror. The essay is typical of Huxley in that it is brilliant, and we find ourselves laughing with him at Wordsworth's expense, but actually we are laughing at something that simply isn't there. It is only in the enjoyableness or the joy of a thing that its beauty lies, and other aspects of it are irrelevant.

When Wordsworth speaks of the influence of Nature he does not dwell on a mere picture-post-card representation of Nature in her quiet moods—he tries to convey his belief in the Unity underlying all things—*the Unity in which Man and Nature find themselves one with each other and one with the Universe.* Wordsworth's Nature poems, as they are called, are supremely egoistic, personal. They do not profess to utter universal experience—they are the expression of his own feelings. Human experience is the raw material of all poetry but the poet interprets the experience in ways which only he knows. And sometimes we respond to the poet's moods and sometimes we do not, that is one of the reasons why we like some poets and do not like certain others.

Coleridge, one of Wordsworth's greatest friends, accused him of an uneven style and matter-of-factness, and too great an anxiety to keep on explaining things—too laborious an attention to detail. But Coleridge also claims that in imaginative power Wordsworth stands nearest of all writers to Shakespeare and Milton, and yet of a kind perfectly unborrowed and his own. The strength of a chain, they say, is the strength of its weakest link, but the opposite is true of a poet's work. A poet's claim to greatness rests on the best that he has written, even though it be only one great poem, and the rest mediocre. And Wordsworth has written quite a few that rank with the best in English literature. These are the poems which are the spontaneous expression of his genius untrammelled by any choking rules. And these are the poems which Housman has chosen for his anthology.

Housman's anthology is delightfully novel; it breaks fresh ground. It is completely original and completely daring. Because of that, for one thing, it is interesting. But it is essential to a proper understanding of Housman's rather arbitrary selection to read his Introduction, which he says was originally written

> to persuade those, who like myself find so much that Wordsworth wrote a hindrance rather than a help to due appreciation of his high place in literature, that he was in fact a great poet, and even at times, a master of style second to none but Milton.

And Housman goes on to give reasons why he has included certain poems and why not certain others.

> I have left out, from some of his best-known poems excrescences which by their superfluity annoy me. I have left out "We Are Seven" because it annoys me from

beginning to end; I have left out the bulk of the minstrel's song from the "Feast of Brougham Castle" because it has no value, except as a peg on which to hang the beginning and the end of the poem—both of which are beautiful; I have left out the "Ode to Duty" because it is dull: I have included only one short extract from "The Excursion" because the merits of that vast work of industry, though considerable, are not generally of a poetic character. On the other hand I have included "The Two April Mornings" a poem hardly of high quality, because it contains one supremely beautiful touch of human nature in bereavement (a single line) which I leave to the intelligence of the reader to discover.

That is refreshingly candid criticism; it is moreover completely honest. Housman does not believe in criticism on bended knees. An anthology aims to give the reader the best of a poet's work. Housman includes what he thinks best, and leaves out the rest. He has done in book form what all readers with discrimination do unconsciously: he has rejected what he dislikes. It is a good way of sharpening our critical faculties to read the selections over again with the complete works of the poet by our side. There is always this to be remembered when reading this anthology: Housman makes no claims; he puts down what *he* thinks Wordsworth's best work. Morley says in connection with Wordsworth's poetry that in blocks of prose we find sheer poetry; in deserts of preaching we find delightful oases of purest poetry. What Housman has done in this anthology is to pick out the poetry from the prose.

He begins by saying that Wordsworth stands out pre-eminently among great poets as the fittest target for ridicule, and that it is sometimes difficult not to find Wordsworth dull. That when Wordsworth descends to uninspired wordiness, he practically asks to be laughed at. The Introduction will bear careful reading. It may at a first careless reading appear not quite complimentary to Wordsworth, but what Housman really does is to show the poet at his best, to give to his poetry the weeding that Wordsworth himself did not give it. Wordsworth, as Arnold said, needs to be relieved of a great deal of the poetic baggage which now encumbers him if he is to be receivable as a classic. It is only occasionally that a poet writes poetry really worthy of himself and his art.

Wordsworth unfortunately reduced his poetry to a routine. Housman quotes an inhabitant of the Lake District who is said to have remarked in all innocence when he heard of the poet's death, that he supposed Wordsworth's widow would carry on the business. A criticism unconsciously just, because the real Wordsworth, the poet Wordsworth, had been a spent force for the last forty years of his life. But why, asks Housman, if people saw that Wordsworth was sometimes a laughing-stock, why does his fame still remain undiminished? And then he comes to the real point of his essay. All that is said against Wordsworth is perfectly true but it is comparatively unimportant; laughing at him may be amusing, but not quite fair.

Housman briefly compares Shakespeare's way of writing in his less inspired moments with Wordsworth's. Where Shakespeare uses bombastic language to cover lack of inspiration, Wordsworth uses no disguise at all. And then he mentions Wordsworth's ruling sin: his complete and total lack of humour. Wordsworth lacked the saving grace. He took himself so terribly

seriously that sometimes he could not see that the things he wrote were the prosiest prose. One cannot explain poetry or the usage of words in poetry by any fixed system of rules. The trouble with Wordsworth was what Coleridge accused him of—that he could be painfully matter-of-fact and laboriously meticulous about detail. Determined to stick to ordinary simple language, he ran into literary blind alleys in rhyme and had to extricate himself at the expense of poetry. A. C. Bradley's note in his *Oxford Lectures on English Poetry* ought to clear Wordsworth of guilt in one respect—a note which Housman seems to have overlooked. The "dear brother Jim" of "We Are Seven" Coleridge was responsible for. He is said to have lightly suggested it, saying it could be addressed to James Tobin (who was present at the discussion), and Wordsworth is said to have protested, saying it looked ridiculous. It was careless of him, of course, to allow it to remain.

Another point in which Housman agrees with Coleridge is that Wordsworth has a tedious knack of trying to explain things much better left unexplained. He puts it for us in a terse maxim: Poetry does not explain; it states. When it starts on explanation it becomes prose. Wordsworth is greatest when he lets himself go, but in his later years he allowed himself to become the victim of his own opinions. His earlier mystical poetry is free from the babbling that marks so much of his later work. The French Revolution and its magnificent catch-words had found in him an ardent supporter. Disillusionment followed. It was partly due to the shock and its reaction that he hedged himself about with opinions. And then he began to write poems on these opinions. Housman calls his sonnet-sequence on capital punishment and on church history horrible. It is not difficult to understand why. "We hate poetry," said Keats, "that has a palpable design upon us." And Housman says that poetry and logic are two different things and that a poet had better not try to be logical. It is for his best that we should go to Wordsworth—as indeed to any poet. "Think of him at his best" and at his best Wordsworth has few equals.

KAMALA D. NAYAR

EDUCATION IN BOMBAY

Education on broad lines is the long-term solution, so the move in Bombay to extend primary education on a free and compulsory basis to the rural areas is a most welcome one. Shri B. G. Kher, the Premier and the Minister of Education, however, in moving the first reading of the Bombay Primary Education Bill, 1947, in the Bombay Legislative Assembly on September 29th, did well to recall the warning of educationists like Prof. L. P. Jacks of Oxford that "unless the goal of education was clear in the minds of those who were responsible for imparting it, the goal might not be achieved." Universal education may result in harm instead of good unless it aims at training citizens for the responsibilities of freedom. We are glad Bombay has given a lead in the task of educating the future masters of the country who by adult franchise will elect their own leaders.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

" _____ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

Tragedy followed closely on the heels of the rejoicings over India's freedom, giving die-hards an opportunity to say "We told you so." But, sorrowful as all right-thinking men must feel over recent events, there is no ground for despair. What revolution was ever wholly peaceful? We may not take the disturbances so lightly as Mr. Bernard Shaw, who likened them to the diseases of childhood, but we can see that the old India of mutual suspicion and animosity is in travail so that the new India of mutual sympathy and understanding may come to birth.

Thus, while we may not minimise the sufferings caused, we need not over-emphasise the tragedy. Its lessons are, however, to be learned. The most serious aspect of the tragedy is not the rivers of blood that are flowing today but the betrayal of the masses yesterday. Those leaders who should have taught tolerance by precept and example taught the people to look on those of other political faiths as enemies. The disturbances are rooted not in religion but in political fanaticism fanned in the name of communal rights. *Goondas* or gangsters took advantage of this and have enacted the tragedy, the ill effects of which will be felt for long years both in India and in Pakistan. This ought to be made clear to the world at large, and especially to the United States of America.

The cause of the failure of the plans of Gandhiji lies not at his door, but at the door of his many professed followers who accepted his programme for expediency's sake, and not from heart conviction of his principles. Checking the strife and stopping the wrong and foolish exodus from both directions, both necessary, are both preliminaries to the larger problem of organising a *united India*. Pandit Nehru has done well in sending an able administrator, Shri N. Gopalaswami Ayyangar, to attend to the problems of the divided Panjab and the exodus from one to the other division. But the all-important task of welding the men and women of India into unity is still facing us. Let controversial issues such as linguistic Provinces and the *lingua franca* for the time be shelved and the different strata in the population, men and women, labour and capital, college youths and those of riper years, be organised for unity, each class fulfilling its own duties while abjuring the spirit of separateness and contributing each in its own sphere towards country-wide solidarity and peace.

It is the first duty of any government to maintain Law and Order and, for this, police and military Forces have to be used, whenever necessary, as at this hour. But that is not enough. Pandit Nehru himself should use his exceptional qualities of head and of heart to educate the public of India to a greater extent to face calmly the ills which have overtaken it and to en-

courage it to become well organised. Gandhiji's voice needs support by action and no one can give that support so ably and so quickly as the Jewel of the Country, Premier Nehru.

His firm stand against making India a Hindu Kingdom is most welcome. What, forsooth, would be a "Hindu Raj" for which fanatics in the Hindu fold are clamouring? Are they not the enemies of Hinduism? Its breadth of tolerance has ever been its pride. They are no worshippers of Krishna or of Rama, who turn their backs on the eclecticism of the Great Teachers and place themselves among sectarians of other creeds, the foes of unity and human brotherhood. Hindu Raj should mean a calm and dispassionate consideration of ideas and ideals which spring from Hindu philosophy, Hindu psychology and Hindu mysticism and their application in programme and policy for nation building. If Krishna is in the heart of every human being, then He is in Muslim hearts also, and Hindu Raj would imply the same treatment to Muslim citizens as to those who recognise that they are carrying the Krishna Light within themselves.

Good signs are not wanting. Some of India's Ministers are giving a constructive lead. Thus Shri R. K. Shanmukhan Chetty, Minister of Finance, in a reassuring statement in Bombay at the end of September on the country's basically sound financial structure, stressed the need for law and order for the building of the economic and social life that we had dreamed of for free India. Not only creedalism and communalism rooted in ignorance are the foes of the country today. There is a great deal of talk about Communism and Socialism also rooted in ignorance and, what is worse, in false knowledge and unverified assertions. Socialism is bound to arrive, but how? "Armed at all points exactly, *cap-à-pè*," or garbed in the grace of co-operation and mutual aid by capital to labour, and *vice-versa*, and by both to the State? Shri Shanmukhan Chetty struck the right and needed note when he said:—

> Whatever the policy that we formulate, it must be so shaped as not to hamper private enterprise. I will be no party to any policy that will discourage private enterprise. I would appeal to the so-called capitalists that while our policy will be so shaped, they must reconcile themselves to State control.

The Finance Minister is clear-sighted in his advice:—

> If India were to maintain her just and rightful leadership of the South-East Asian countries, we would have to give succour to those countries in their hour of need. This was an opportunity which destiny had thrown in our way, and we should not lose it.

Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, Education Minister, in an almost simultaneous statement, called for facing facts, for frank admission on both sides (India and Pakistan) of failure to protect minority communities and for steps to do so now, to restore peace and a sense of security in the disturbed areas and to rehabilitate the displaced. Men of wide vision, he declared, although comparatively rare, did exist and only those who could rise above narrowness and look at things impartially and non-communally were in a position to survey the situation rationally and to reach conclusions that might help in solving the present terrible *impasse*.

Day after day Gandhiji has been warning and encouraging, advising and

admonishing the Nation, which looks up to him as its greatest guide. Not only does he speak to enormous crowds but also counsels the Prime Minister and his Cabinet, the large number of those who are administrators in the many Governmental Departments, as well as social servants and helpers. The Indian Nation has been showing grit and courage in the most trying of ordeals. And while some immediate followers of Gandhiji show a lack of full and complete faith in his Satyagraha, the masses are showing fair signs of their faith in their leader. Not by ghastly carnage only will posterity judge the India of 1947 but also by what is being constructively achieved in one way and another, almost automatically, unknown and unrecognized.

The dignity and the responsibility of the individual was the central theme of Dr. S. Radhakrishnan's address as Chief Guest at the closing session on September 27th of the Silver Jubilee Celebrations of the University School of Economics and Sociology, Bombay.

He called upon men to do their own thinking, accepting nothing on authority. Instead of society's absorbing the individual, he said, it was the individual who had to choose for society and lift it to a higher plane. Great revolutions must take place first in men's hearts and in men's minds.

The comfort of seeing in history the working out of a foreordained pattern had been denied to him, the speaker said. He saw in history not the blind unfolding of a mechanical process but the play of the unforeseen, the play of the human. History was made in the consciousness of man. There was no necessity about it. Every great civilisation had failed because men had failed. They had become decadent, they had become exhausted, they had been overtaken by barbarians.

Today what he described as a "perversion of the human spirit" had placed this country, in the hour of her triumph, in the greatest humiliation. The need for unselfish co-operation with the Government, in the delicate and dangerous situation which faced it, was a paramount duty and he called on capital and labour alike to put aside selfish considerations at this time. "What India needs today," he declared —and is it not also what the whole world needs?—"is freedom from selfishness. All the other freedoms will take care of themselves if there are only true men of dedication."

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan's public reproof to disorderly students attending the Silver Jubilee Celebrations was echoed by Shri B. G. Kher, the Bombay Premier, in his Convocation Address at the Madras University on October 6th. The student world today, he said, exhibited general indiscipline, a general disinclination to work hard, an aversion to a hard life and aspirations to premature leadership. This is serious, not only because the student world is to a large extent the mirror of present-day society, but also because from its ranks will naturally come the leaders of tomorrow, for the forming of whose characters the Universities are largely responsible.

The creation of a new ideology among our people is, as Shri Kher declared, indispensable to preserving the fruits of our new freedom and utilising its opportunities. It was, he rightly said, ideals and ultimate objectives that

determined the nature of day-to-day activities and the almost lost art of living together had to be recaptured.

If, through the proper reorganisation of our educational system, we can cultivate the qualities of good fellowship and tolerance and also the sense of social responsibility, in short the moral sense, we shall have laid the most stable foundation for the construction of a better social order.

The development of professional, technical and vocational efficiency is important for increasing the national wealth and raising the standard of living but Shri Kher did well to name ahead of it as aims of university education "the harmonious development of all the powers of the individual—physical, intellectual, social and moral" so that each might "lead 'the good life' as a useful and co-operative member of the community." No less important, especially in the present context, is it that the universities

dedicate themselves to educating young men and women into the duties of democratic citizenship and develop in them the qualities of discipline, responsibility and co-operation without which the social organism cannot be properly cemented.

Dr. J. C. Ghosh, Director of the Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore, in his Convocation Address at the Calcutta University on 3rd October, erected a sign-post on the road to unity and peace. He proposed a United Bengal Educational, Scientific and Cultural Association—which he called UBESCO —charged with the maintenance of the cultural unity of partitioned Bengal. Such an Association, with adequate Governmental recognition and support from both Dominions, could indeed do much so to educate the people that the reconciliation achieved by Mahatma Gandhi's efforts might be made permanent. "Continuous efforts," Dr. Ghosh declared, "must be made to reshape men's minds according to this ideal." Specifically he proposed, for example, a students' home on the model of the "International Houses" in the U.S.A. "A political boundary should be no hindrance to the migration of university students seeking knowledge and communion with kindred spirits."

Mutual understanding is the first step to the mutual appreciation on which friendly mutual relations can be built. Appreciation of our neighbours is a first necessity, but the deliberate effort to foster cultural unity should not stop there. Shri C. Rajagopalachari, Chancellor of the Calcutta University, maintained on the same occasion that the separation of Governments could not divide India culturally. The present partition, however, is calculated to do just that, unless great efforts are put forth to prevent it.

UBESCO is a valuable suggestion as a step to a larger unity, but we submit that IPESCO (an India-Pakistan Educational, Scientific and Cultural Association) has a greater and a no less necessary rôle to play.